Chile—Where the President Is Wrong *Tad Szulc*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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APER NEWSPAP

White House Watch

John Osborne on Mr. Ford at Work

Clemency and the Vietnam Tragedy
Enough Domestic Energy by 1985?
Stanley Karnow's Report from Cyprus
What's on Jaworski's Agenda?
More on CIA Watergate Cover-up
Hail to a Distinguished Novel
Fellini's Lovely Film on the '30s

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If we help the children while they're still children, their children will be able to help themselves.

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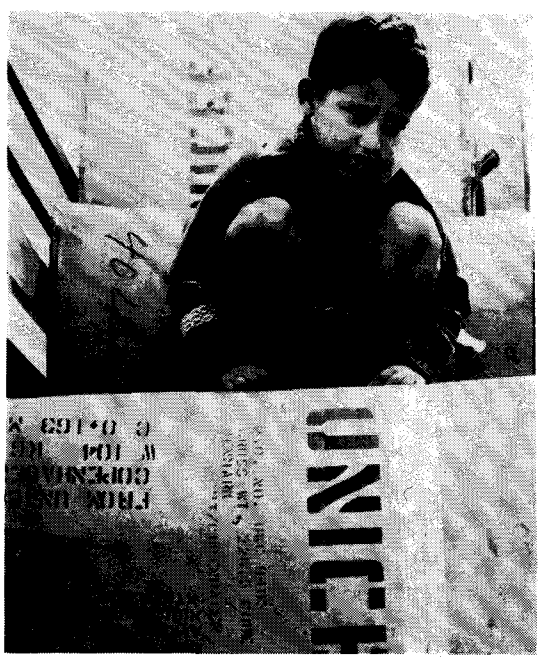

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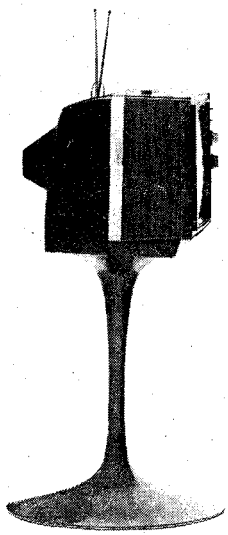
Children's TV is changing. Watch.



Sometime soon, sit down with your child and see the new children's shows. These days you will find that they're designed to be much more than entertainment.

Embedded in the fun are pro-social values. Themes and content ranging from ethics, brotherhood and self-understanding to hygiene, safety, science and current events.

Creative programmers—helped by psychologists, educators and experts in child development—are continually experimenting with new ways to inform the young viewers they attract.

Join your children to sample their new TV fare. On Saturday mornings alone, there are 14 new programs. And check the list below for family programs you'd like them to share with you this October and November. This fall, there are new things for both you and your children to discover. Together.

Sara's Summer of the Swans. ABC Afterschool Special—Sensitive 14-year-old girl's emergence from adolescent insecurity. Wednesday, Oct. 2 (4:30-5:30 pm).

CBS Children's Film Festival. Anoop and the Elephant; Orange Watering Cart; Black Mountain; Circus Adventures; The Boy Who Wore Spectacles; Lucy and the Miracles; Mauro the Gypsy; Birds Come Flying to Us; A Member of the Family. Saturdays, Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26; Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 (1-2 pm).

Tornado! 4:40 p.m., Xenia, Ohio. NBC News focuses on town hit by tornado and declared disaster area. Sunday, Oct. 6 (10-11 pm).

Sinatra—The Main Event—Madison Square Garden. Frank Sinatra live, in concert. Sunday, Oct. 13 (9-10 pm).

ABC News Close-Up on Danger in Sports: Paying the Price. Examines risk of injury among young athletes and preventive measures being studied. Monday, Oct. 14 (8-9 pm).

The Cay. Bell System Family Theatre—James Earl Jones portrays West Indian who rescues young boy. Monday, Oct. 21 (8-9 pm).

The Law. Drama provides realistic look at judicial system. Tuesday, Oct. 22 (8:30-11 pm).

Campaign '74: Two Weeks to Go. CBS News Special—Report on major election issues. Tuesday, Oct. 22 (10-11 pm).

The Bridge of Adam Rush. ABC Afterschool Special—A boy and his new stepfather learn to live together. Wednesday, Oct. 23 (4:30-5:30 pm).

It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown; Charlie Brown's Thanksgiving. Monday, Oct. 28; Thursday, Nov. 21 (8-8:30 pm).

Dr. Seuss on the Loose. Monday, Oct. 28 (8:30-9 pm).

The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman. Cicely Tyson in her Emmy Award-winning role as a former slave remembering lifetime of struggle. Sunday, Nov. 3 (7:30-9:30 pm).

Winning and Losing: Diary of a Campaign. ABC Afterschool Special—Boy and girl learn about electoral process. Wednesday, Nov. 6 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Brief Encounter. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Noel Coward story with Richard Burton, Sophia Loren. Tuesday, Nov. 12 (8:30-10 pm).

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. Saturday, Nov. 16 (2-3 pm).

The Godfather. Academy Award film starring Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, Diane Keaton, James Caan. Saturday, Nov. 16; Monday, Nov. 18 (9-11 pm).

Patagonia: Life at the End of the World. The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau. Monday, Nov. 18 (8-9 pm).

The Ambassador. First of four specials on life of Ben Franklin focuses on diplomatic years in Paris. Thursday, Nov. 21 (9:30-11 pm).

Great Expectations. Bell System Family Theatre—New adaptation of Dickens' classic with Margaret Leighton, Michael York, Sarah Miles, James Mason. Friday, Nov. 22 (8-10 pm).

Johnny Cash Ridin' the Rails—The Great American Train Story. History with music of nation's railroads. Friday, Nov. 22 (10-11 pm).

And Who Shall Feed This World? NBC News White Paper—Nature and causes of world food shortage. Sunday, Nov. 24 (10-11 pm).

Smithsonian: Monsters, Mysteries and Myths. Unexplained myths of natural phenomena, such as Loch Ness Monster. Monday, Nov. 25 (8-9 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day. Tuesday, Nov. 26 (8-8:30 pm).

The Thanksgiving Treasure. Inspiring holiday drama with Jason Robards, Mildred Natwick. Wednesday, Nov. 27 (8-9:30 pm).

Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe's tale of survival. Wednesday, Nov. 27 (8-10 pm).

Godspell. Parables from Gospels in song and dance. Wednesday, Nov. 27 (8-10 pm).

Things in Their Season. GE Theater—Conflict over a son's desire to leave farm. Wednesday, Nov. 27 (9:30-11 pm).

Annie and the Hoods. Anne Bancroft in sketches involving Motherhood, Childhood, Womanhood, Brotherhood, etc. Wednesday, Nov. 27 (10-11 pm).

Magic Man. Bill Bixby with outstanding magicians. Thursday, Nov. 28 (3:30-4:30 pm).

Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory. Musical fantasy with Gene Wilder, Jack Albertson. Thursday, Nov. 28 (8-10 pm).

The Gathering Storm. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Richard Burton portrays Winston Churchill. Friday, Nov. 29 (8:30-10 pm).

ABC News Close-Up: Jimmy Hoffa. Career of the former teamster president. Saturday, Nov. 30 (10-11 pm).

Bicentennial Minutes. One-minute segments on American history aired each day to July '76.

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company/Zoom

Saturday [*New program]: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Yogi's Gang/*Wheelie and the Chopper Bunch/Emergency +4/*Hong Kong Phooey/*Run, Joe, Run/*Partridge Family: 2200 A.D./*New Adventures of Gilligan/*Land of the Lost/*Valley of the Dinosaurs/*Devlin/Sigmund and the Sea Monsters/*Shazam!/*Korg: 70,000 B.C.!/*Harlem Globetrotters Popcorn Machine/Super Friends/Star Trek/*Hudson Brothers Razzle Dazzle Comedy Show/*U.S. of Archie/*These are the Days/GO/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/CBS Children's Film Festival/The Reasoner Report

Sunday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make a Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova/Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Specials

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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TRB

from Washington
September 28, 1974

Parliamentarianism

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has unexpectedly become a one-man sentry warning against the parliamentary system. He is an alert sentry. I find two articles by him in *The Wall Street Journal*, another in *The Washington Post*, and now one in *The New Republic* taking me to task. The warning comes at a sensitive moment as Nixon's imperial presidency collapses, and as the same forces that keep American Presidents out of touch with reality seem to be taking effect on decent, modest, lightweight Jerry Ford.

The forces are latent in the process of making an idol of the American Priest-President, and then of pulling the idol off his pedestal. It is a cruel process. "The candidate for the presidency does well to recognize that he is running for a religious office," says Michael Novak in his new book, *Choosing Our King*. And George Reedy in his splendid little study *The Twilight of the Presidency* concludes that "some very fundamental changes are needed in the American political system"—changes that might be adapted, he suggests; from the parliamentary system.

We have seen five Presidents in this century who have lost the capacity to govern—Wilson, Hoover, Truman, Johnson and now Nixon. Will Mr. Ford be the next? He will, we fear, if he continues as he has started, unilaterally granting unconditional pardon to Nixon, making him custodian of the telltale tapes, defending the CIA in its plot to "destabilize" the government of independent Chile, and failing to find a foothold for dealing with the economy.

Leaders make mistakes abroad, too. Mr. Schlesinger spends much of his article warning that the British parliamentary system has its own faults. He deserves thanks for keeping the subject alive. We intended to say, and should have made more clear, that we don't think the US is going to go parliamentary overnight, least of all on the British system. Many US political scientists have tunnel vision and only see Britain or Europe if you suggest a change in governmental style; Canada is too big and close at hand to see. But England has a unitary system; Canada, like the US, has a federal system. And we guess that if Canada had had a scandal like Watergate it would have had an almost immediate vote of no confidence, an election, and it would have disposed of the matter in two months.

Mr. Schlesinger makes the same arguments in several of his articles: the loss of a vote of confidence, for example, hasn't overthrown a British government for half a century. We are sure he is right but it is also true that the loss of such a vote just last spring in Canada (also a minority government) produced an election. The threat of an election is always present.

To get rid of a king you kill him; to get rid of a President you impeach, or threaten to impeach, him. But to impeach you have to prove transgressions, whereas it is almost as serious for the nation to have an honorable President in the White House like Herbert Hoover who has lost his authority.

Isn't there some simpler system? Representatives like Henry Reuss, Morris Udall and Edith Green want to initiate a presidential recall power in Congress. As Sen. Mondale said last June, "We should look carefully at those aspects of the parliamentary system which can be creatively adapted to the American experience."

James Sundquist of Brookings, Charles M. Hardin of the University of Chicago, and others, agree. "Under our system," observes Sundquist, "a Neville Chamberlain who sought to appease Hitler would stay in office for his full term, even if that meant losing a war and the very freedom of the nation."

Mr. Schlesinger says the celebrated question time in Parliament isn't all that it is cracked up to be. We have heard Canadian friends, too, call it a "charade." Yet we think that if a back bencher laid down a written question to Prime Minister Trudeau demanding, "Is Canada bombing Cambodia?" and if Trudeau lied (as Nixon did), he would have been ousted almost instantly when the truth came out.

We are not trying to make debaters' points. We agree with Mr. Schlesinger that the parliamentary system is no panacea and that it may be a golden illusion for some idealists. Yet it has lessons that deserve study. One major advantage in Canada (and in other parliamentary systems) is the separation of head of government and head of state. The ceremonial head of state is Governor General Jules Leger, surrogate of the Queen (salary $50,000); the head of government is the secularized prime minister (salary around $35,000, plus perquisites) who has none of the symbolism but all of the power. Never underestimate symbols, however. Every American child is brought up to revere the presidential idol; he is as sacred as the flag; Nixon always wore a totem enameled flag in his lapel (thank God Jerry doesn't). If we had our way we would have some figurehead President, with a big salary and no power, who would live in the White House and lay cornerstones to the awe and veneration of the populace, and lead worship, and we would let some shrewd political leader from Congress head the government, answer opposition questions, consult his cabinet, and fight no-confidence votes. We would secularize the chief executive.

Congress in a year or two, we think, is going right back to the habit of handing over its problems to the President. All the pressure is in that direction.

George Reedy says that he originally intended to end his book by working out "a system of parliamentary government for America." He gave it up because he decided that such a change isn't coming "without a revolution." He agrees with Arthur Schlesinger on this. But for him the failure is extraordinarily dangerous; the system "isolates the man who holds the nation's highest office and shields him from reality." It can't last. This former adviser to Lyndon Johnson gloomily predicts "a man on horseback . . . In this probably lies the twilight of the presidency."

With all respect to the optimists, I fear we have learned little from Watergate. If an American Fuehrer appears 50 years hence, some enterprising reporter will dig back in the files and remember that it all began in an administration dedicated to law-and-order, and that the precedent for imperial pardon was established to spare Richard Nixon a nervous breakdown.

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Contents

5-7 Comment
Clemency and the Vietnam Tragedy, Jaworski's Agenda
8 Citizens at Work—*Paul R. Wieck*
9 White House Watch: The Pardon—*John Osborne*
11 Getting to the Bottom of the CIA Cover-up—*Walter Pincus*
13 Candid but Mistaken about Chile: Where President Ford Is Wrong—*Tad Szulc*
16 What Have the Oil Companies Been Up To?—*Robert W. Dietsch*
17 Enough Energy by 1985?—*Eliot Marshall*
18 Report from Cyprus: Shambles—*Stanley Karnow*
22 Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
23 Books—Reviews by *Doris Grumbach, Bernard Gwertzman, Max M. Mintz, Gerald Weales, Stanley Kauffmann*
24 Poem—*Anne Sexton*
30 Fine Print—*Doris Grumbach*
32 Correspondence

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Clemency and the Vietnam Tragedy

No proclamation by the President on amnesty or clemency for those who deserted or who evaded the draft during the Vietnam war would have been universally acceptable. An unconditional pardon for whatever offenses may have been committed, as was imprudently given Richard Nixon, would have made no distinction between men who would not serve because they could not do so in good conscience and those who would not serve because to do so would be plain onerous. Amnesty with no alternative obligation undertaken would have seemed unjust to convicted evaders and deserters who have been penalized, whatever the reason for their defection. It would have seemed discriminatory to many of the 2.5 million ordinary men who did serve in Southeast Asia, risking their lives, seeing their friends wounded or killed—however distasteful the war was to them. Nor, if Mr. Ford had contemplated granting complete and unconditional amnesty to the 28,000 to 50,000 evaders or deserters—those under indictment and those not, those in jail and those not, those outside the country and those in hiding here—could the President have been sure his decision would be welcomed by a majority of the American people. And a decision of this magnitude and emotion, if it is to unify the country and dispel bitterness, must have general consent.

Of course no decision Mr. Ford could have made would have been applauded by hawks and doves, by Sen. Thurmond and the fellowship of reconciliation, by the exiles in Canada and the Pentagon. Knowing this the President could have made no decision, letting those in prison serve out their terms, letting the indictments and prosecutions go forward, letting exiles stay exiled and those in hiding stay hidden. But that decision itself would have been attacked, would have been a continuing source of resentment. And so the President struck what must have seemed to him a golden mean, a conditional clemency, balancing magnanimity with equal application of law. Charges against unconvicted draft evaders will be dropped if they report to the US attorney where the offense was committed, complete no more than but perhaps less than 24 months of service in a hospital, a school, a forestry project, a community service program sponsored by a religious organization. The government estimate of men in this category is about 8500. The numbers are tricky, for between 1963 and 1973 the names of 206,775 men were referred by Selective Service to US attorneys as draft delinquents. The unconvicted deserter (assum-

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ing no other charges are pending against him) will receive a clemency discharge in place of an undesirable discharge if he reports to the military area from which he deserted, takes an oath of allegiance to the United States, completes no more than 24 months of alternate service. (Here again the numbers of those involved are unreliable; the government says about 12,500 deserters are still at large.) Convicted draft evaders (8700, according to official estimates) may be granted clemency by appealing directly to the new, blue-ribbon, nine-member Clemency Board chaired by former Sen. Charles E. Goodell, which may or may not require some alternate service. The convicted "military absentee" (only 660 are in prison or awaiting trial, but another 12,500 AWOLs are said to be at large—some of them under indictment, some not) may be given a clemency discharge by the President. They, too, apply to the Clemency Board. Immediately after the President's proclamation, close to 100 draft evaders were released from prison and given 30-day furloughs while the board reviews their cases. The administration clearly wants to move quickly.

The plan had been cleared with congressional leaders but was immediately attacked by many of the exiles for its assumption that their civil disobedience was dishonorable. Many of them regard themselves as victims of a criminal system. The plan was attacked by the American Legion (only 18 percent of whose members are Vietnam veterans) which has always taken the simple position that shirking military duty is a crime to be punished, whatever one's opinion about the legality or the rightness of the war being fought.

"It must have been hell back there in the 375th messkit repair battalion."

How well will the clemency plan work? We will not know for another several months. We do not know, for example, how many of the thousands of evaders or absentees will choose to accept the President's offer; how many will think the terms are too humiliating, or believe they will be no worse off allowing their cases to be decided through the judicial process (many judges have shown great leniency in the past year to men who came before them). Nor do we know now how administratively difficult the plan will prove to be in practice. Each case is to be judged on its merits and presumably with some consideration given the sincerity of motive. This imposes a heavy burden of judgment on US attorneys, on the military and on the Clemency Board. Who will dig up the facts in each instance? The FBI? Will the evader or deserter be permitted to argue his case fully, bringing in counsel, medical or psychiatric testimony, character witnesses? Much is at stake, for there is no right of appeal. Who will provide needed professional counsel to the thousands of men (many of them deserters) who are not qualified financially or otherwise to speak persuasively for themselves? The whole process may be more complicated than anticipated. The White House suggests it will cost only about two million dollars to administer, which will be taken from various available budgets: no congressional appropriation will be sought. Our hunch is that Mr. Ford has underestimated the time and the machinery that will be required.

Beyond such practical questions are those relating to our attitude toward the young Americans who wouldn't fight but whose grounds for objection did not qualify them as conscientious objectors under the law. None of us is in a position of indisputable moral superiority that permits us to patronize the men who had no such scruples, or swallowed them, and did what the law commanded, whatever they thought of it and whatever the risks and hardships to themselves. Without respect for law there can be no legally protected conscientious objection, indeed no civil order at all. Thoreau, who objected to the Mexican War and therefore would not pay his Massachusetts tax, went to jail for one night to satisfy the authorities' claim that no man is above the law. But that claim must always recognize the humanizing contribution of individual resistance to commands that violate one's deepest sense of decency. That is why however they respond to Mr. Ford's offer, we salute those who had the moral courage to refuse to fight in the most unjustified war in American history. It is not they who dishonored their country, nor the common soldiers, but the leaders, of whom Mr. Ford was one, who authorized the war and kept it going.

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Jaworski's Agenda

Special Watergate Prosecutor Leon Jaworski has been as loquacious as a clam since the Nixon pardon, in part because he and his aides are subject to an order from Judge John Sirica barring them from publicly discussing matters pertinent to the upcoming Watergate cover-up trial, but also because Jaworski himself thinks that further talk (as of pardons) might endanger the prosecution's case. There have been, however, orchestrated complaints from the prosecutor's office, though not directly from Mr. Jaworski, that the arrangement over disposition of the Nixon White House tapes and documents is not satisfactory, and President Ford has announced that his staff and Jaworski's are getting together to alleviate those difficulties for the prosecution.

As for the suggestion from members of the Senate Judiciary Committee that the special prosecutor prepare a report on Mr. Nixon's conduct, Mr. Jaworski has demurred, citing "legal and ethical questions" related to use of grand jury information in a manner that would violate "individual rights." He has indicated, however, that Congress could expand his legislative charter by statute, if it wants to authorize such a report. Meanwhile hard questions remain about what investigations will be continued, what indictments will still be brought, and what further information will be forthcoming.

Judge Sirica is determined to start the cover-up trial of Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell, Strachan, Mardian and Parkinson on September 30. In their presentation the prosecutors are expected to disclose new details on Mr. Nixon's role. Some 55 White House tapes were turned over to the special prosecutor's office after the Supreme Court decision and only one of those—that of June 23, 1972—has been made public. Should any of the defendants challenge the authenticity of the tapes, the prosecutors might have to bring in the former President for questioning on how custody was maintained, since the tapes were in his possession. Such an appearance could lead to questioning Mr. Nixon on the 18-minute gap on the June 20, 1972 tape.

The special prosecutor also is investigating at least 11 areas other than the cover-up, and additional Nixon White House tapes and documents will be sought as part of those inquiries. In the area of campaign financing, Mr. Jaworski's staff has already been given the complete files of former Nixon finance committee chairman Maurice Stans, and some indictments are said to be near. Among the items of interest is the alleged selling of ambassadorships: White House records on four specific cases have been sent to the special prosecutor under court order.

Two inquiries deal with the so-called national security FBI wiretaps of 1968-1971. One investigation is focused on an alleged attempt by former Attorney General Mitchell and White House aide Ehrlichman to use an FBI wiretap and physical surveillance to embarrass another Nixon White House aide, John Sears. The second relates to hiding, in the White House, of FBI reports of taps on Morton Halperin and Daniel Ellsberg at a time when they would have had to have been produced for the Ellsberg trial.

Two other phases of the special prosecutor's inquiry deal with personal matters touching the former President. The possible commission of criminal fraud with regard to the claimed income tax deduction for Mr. Nixon's vice presidential papers is under active investigation, as well as allegations that campaign funds in the hands of his friend, Charles (Bebe) Rebozo were used to cover Mr. Nixon's private expenses.

The book on Watergate is in Mr. Jaworski's hands. He and his staff will largely determine how complete the story is and when the final chapter has been written.

Panhandling

President Ford has decided not to get the federal government more deeply involved than it already is in bailing out private corporations that threaten to go bankrupt and then throw themselves on the mercy of the US Treasury. Pan American Airways did that on August 23 when it petitioned the Civil Aeronautics Board for an emergency cash subsidy. It was in trouble, Pan Am said, not because of mismanagement, but because of a decline in passengers who wanted to fly where Pan Am would fly them, and a steep increase in fuel costs. The airline warned that unless the government agreed to help with cash, the company might collapse under the weight of an expected $76 million loss this year, coming on top of $170 million in losses accumulated over the last five years. The interagency task force set up this summer to study the ailments of Pan Am and TWA wouldn't accept this argument, and now that the President has taken the same stand, the CAB will probably reject the petition. Pan Am will have to shift for itself. However, the Transportation Department has promised to work with the CAB to alter routes and rates so that the two big American carriers will continue to operate, though on a less ambitious scale.

Last week's action is one of the ancillary benefits of being rid of Mr. Nixon, for the former President did not often turn away powerful corporations empty-handed. Perhaps this administration will be more disposed to say no to cozy arrangements like the one Pan Am proposed for itself. Perhaps the new President will begin to disentangle public and private interests that the previous White House found so hard to distinguish.

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Citizens at Work

Little Rock, Ark.

In mid-August when the temperature was pushing toward the 100 mark, about 75 people stepped eagerly off their buses, gripped newly made signs and started picketing the modern building that houses Arkansas Power & Light. What made this demonstration novel is that the picketers tended to middle age and over, and were evenly divided between blacks and whites. They're all members of Arkansas Community Organizations for Reform Now (ACORN). ACORN is just four years old but is beginning to attract national attention after a series of successful actions that covered almost every kind of problem facing low- and moderate-income people. If it continues to grow, it could provide a model giving new meaning to "local control."

The organizing genius behind ACORN is Wade Rathke, now 26. He came to Little Rock from Massachusetts where he's been an organizer for the more narrowly based National Welfare Rights Organization (NWRO) and was looking for an opportunity to put together what he refers to as "a majority constituency." He had some knowledge of that region of the country, having spent 10 of his formative years in New Orleans. A little research showed 70 percent of the people of Arkansas live on less than $7000 per year, and close to three-fourths of them are white.

Rathke and the people he gathered around him searched the statute books and found some language that allowed the state to provide low-income families with furniture. So the first drive became "Furniture for Families." Six neighborhoods in Little Rock were picked for the first drive. The first was the Silver City Community in North Little Rock, a heavily white, low-income area that George Wallace carried heavily two years earlier. It has a housing project (occupied by whites) and the furniture campaign had appeal. ACORN won that one and, today, there's a furniture warehouse in Little Rock, funded by the state social services program and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, that the poor can go to in an emergency.

ACORN then organized communities around whatever problem seemed uppermost in the neighborhood, a policy that has led them into a battle against blockbusting by realtors (the FBI is now investigating the matter to see if there are any civil rights violations); into fights for stop signs, traffic lights and parks; into an effort to stop or reroute the Wilbur Mills Expressway, which threatens to disrupt three neighborhoods with strong ACORN chapters; and, of course, into the larger fight against the utility companies.

Today there are 43 ACORN groups in the state with 4700 families each paying one dollar per month to help finance the $50,000 per year budget (each staff member, including Rathke, gets $37.50 per week in take-home pay). It's 55-60 percent white, made up of farmers, blue-collar workers, some small businessmen, senior citizens and welfare poor. There are regional offices in Ft. Smith, Fayetteville, Jonesboro, Pine Bluff, Stuttgart and Conway, the state office in Little Rock and a service center in North Little Rock that offers basic dental services and sponsors a food-buying club 200 families have joined.

The big thing is the fight against Arkansas Power & Light, a wholly owned subsidiary of Mid-South Utilities which, in turn, is Eastern-based. Its stock is found in substantial amounts in the portfolios of some of the East's most prestigious universities, such as Harvard and Princeton. The day the picketers were out they were protesting a rate increase that went into effect automatically because the Public Service Commission (PSC) hadn't acted on the request for the increase in 90 days.

White Bluff Power Plant is a huge coal-fired generating plant Arkansas Power & Light wants to put up near Stuttgart in the heart of the richest farmland in the country. ACORN got into the act when farmers over a 40-to-50-mile area, frightened over what the massive outpouring of sulphur from the plant might do to their crops, called for help. It's Wallace country, but hundreds of these farmers have joined ACORN.

ACORN wants to get the size of the plant cut in half and force the utility to put scrubbers on its stacks to cut the emission of sulphur. It had an early victory when the environmental impact statement of Arkansas Power & Light was thrown out as "deficient" after a hearing before PSC.

ACORN's ultimate goal is best exemplified by a recent victory at the polls—the election of nearly half the members (195 out of 467) of the quorum court in Pulaski County, the largest legislative body in this hemisphere, according to ACORN leaders. The quorum does things such as approve the county budget, which in the past took about 15 seconds. ACORN has other ideas. It would like to see a reassessment of all property in the county and has found some close allies as a result, including downtown bankers and businessmen. One complaint: the property in the new, affluent business and residential areas of West Little Rock is assessed at far lower rates than downtown property. Rathke and his cohorts hope a reassessment could add a couple million in tax revenues and, at the same time, allow for some cuts in low- and moderate-income areas.

By 1976 ACORN hopes to have another half-dozen regional offices around the state and enough political clout to start influencing legislative races, thus moving from the negative (lawsuits to force compliance or knock-out statutes) to passing legislation to benefit its constituency.

Paul R. Wieck

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White House Watch

The Pardon

Let the first of these reports on the Ford White House —what a dull ring the phrase has, incidentally—begin with a confession. I'm glad that President Ford pardoned former President Nixon. I hoped that Mr. Ford would do it before he did it and I'm sorry only that he did it in the worst possible way.

I hoped for, welcomed and still applaud the Nixon pardon for a reason that will seem to many and perhaps most readers of this journal to be empty, illogical and outrageous. It is a reason (or non-reason, some may say) that has nothing to do with the prerogatives of Presidents and respect for the presidency as such, although a tendency to respect Presidents and the presidency must have been apparent to readers of these reports in the Nixon time. I simply had and have a gut feeling that the prolonged spectacle of indictment, prosecution and trial of *this* former President, Richard Nixon, would have been bad for the country. It would be better, I thought and still think, to settle for the acknowledgment and plea of guilt that were implicit first in Mr. Nixon's resignation and then in his acceptance of the pardon. Some of the extreme demands that he explicitly acknowledge his guilt and the more strident denunciations of Mr. Ford for not requiring Mr. Nixon to do so seem to me to have in them a quality of savagery that is close to sadism. What more should we require from the broken man who showed himself to the nation on television when he said good-bye to his staff on the morning of August 9? No more, I say. As for that complaint that the pardon jeopardized the prosecution and pending trial of H. R. Haldeman, John Mitchell, John Ehrlichman and three other Watergate defendants, and that it clouded the previous indictments, guilty pleas and convictions of numerous other Nixonites, I refer the screamers to Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski. He knew without being told during the week before the pardon was announced that it was coming, and he did not object. On the contrary he let his staff's report that Mr. Nixon was under investigation in 11 areas of possible criminal involvement and his estimate that nine months to a year and possibly longer would have to elapse between indictment of Mr. Nixon and even the beginning of a trial be cited in support of the pardon.

So much for my opinion. Now to the little that I know and the much else that I heard but don't know to be true about the origins and aftermath of the Nixon pardon. It's a story that is notable for its gaps, anomalies and contradictions. It suggests that Mr. Ford and his people aren't telling a lot that needs to be told.

A fact that Mr. Ford at this writing has not confided to his closest and most senior associates is that he briefly but seriously considered announcing his intention to grant the pardon at his first press conference on August 28. Probably because he had not had time to have his own lawyers satisfy him that he had the power to pardon Mr. Nixon prior to indictment or conviction, he postponed the decision and announcement. At the senior staff meeting at which the press conference was "game planned," with assistants trying anticipated questions out on the President and suggesting answers, one of the anticipated questions was whether he agreed with former Governor and Vice President-designate Nelson Rockefeller, who had just agreed with Senator Hugh Scott, that the departed Mr. Nixon had been "hung" and should not be "drawn and quartered" by indictment, prosecution and trial. The answer discussed at the preparatory meeting stopped with Mr. Ford saying merely that he agreed with Rockefeller and leaving the impression that he leaned toward leniency for the former President when and if it became necessary. The expected question proved to be the first question asked at his press conference and Mr. Ford began his answer as his assistants had understood he would. But in the rest of his first answer and in his answers to the second and third of four questions he got on the subject, he went on to say: "There have been no charges made, there has been no action by the courts, there has been no action by any jury. And until any legal process has been undertaken, I think it is unwise and untimely for me to make any commitment . . . Of course, I make the final decision. And until it gets to me, I make no commitment one way or the other . . . I am not ruling it [a pardon] out. It is an option and a proper option for any president."

These answers were generally reported to mean that Mr. Ford had committed himself to await the indictment and possibly the conviction of Mr. Nixon before a pardon would be considered or granted. Did he mean to convey this impression and, if he did, what happened in the next 48 hours to cause him to indicate at a meeting with four senior associates that he was inclined to pardon Mr. Nixon as soon as possible? These remain essentially unanswered questions. They were poorly asked and feebly answered at his second press conference on September 17. Private inquiries got better answers than the September 17 performance did, but those answers as reflected here are far from satisfactory. One of the President's assistants understood him to say soon after the August 28 press conference that he hadn't meant to convey the reported impression. Another assistant understood him to indicate with regret that he had misunderstood the law of pardon and the extent of his power to pardon when he answered as he did. Nobody in his private counsels appears to have asked him explicitly whether he intended to convey the reported impression and, after he had decided to pardon Mr. Nixon immediately, whether he considered this a basic change of position. When Robert Hartmann, one of the few senior assist-

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ants that Mr. Ford brought with him into the presidency from the vice presidency, tried to warn him that an immediate pardon would surely be thought to be in total contradiction of his August 28 position, Mr. Ford showed a singular lack of interest. This suggested to me, though apparently not to Hartmann, that the President didn't think there was a substantial contradiction. At any rate the only development between the press conference on August 28 and a crucial meeting with four senior assistants on the morning of August 30 that is known to or acknowledged by some of these assistants is that the reaction to his statements at the press conference made Mr. Ford uneasy and caused him to call for two things. They were thorough research of the law of pardon and his power to pardon, and the best indication that could be obtained from Special Prosecutor Jaworski of the extent and imminence of Mr. Nixon's legal peril. In particular the President wanted to know how long the judicial process would take if it were allowed to proceed from indictment to trial.

The four assistants at the August 30 meeting were Hartmann; another counsellor, John Marsh, a former Virginia congressman and assistant to Ford during his brief vice presidency; the new President's staff counsel, Philip Buchen, a long-time friend and former law partner from Mr. Ford's hometown of Grand Rapids; and General Alexander Haig, the staff chief inherited from Mr. Nixon who was about to return to active army duty and take over the American and NATO military commands in Europe. They and one other, a young lawyer named Benton Becker who was a friend of Mr. Ford's and a temporary assistant to Buchen, were the only White House people who knew about the approach to an early pardon until it was disclosed to a very few others on Saturday, September 7. Haig didn't know before the preceding Thursday night and Hartmann learned on Friday the 6th that Mr. Ford had definitely decided to issue an immediate pardon. At the August 30 meeting he indicated his wish but not a firm decision to do so.

According to the assistants whose accounts are reflected here, including Philip Buchen and his statements at two on-record press conferences, four occurrences during the week following August 30 principally accounted for Mr. Ford's final decision to act as he did when he did on Sunday, September 8. Buchen assured the President that he did have the power to pardon before indictment. Considering that President Nixon's lawyers had established this fact months before and had exhaustively discussed every implication of it, the asserted fact (I still find it hard to credit) that Mr. Ford didn't know this before and on August 30 indicates that the gulf between President Nixon's people and Vice President Ford's people before the resignation was even wider than it was known to be. The second major factor was Leon Jaworski's advice that nine months to a year and maybe longer would have to elapse after indictment and before trial could begin. The strong impression around Mr. Ford is that this estimate bothered him more than any other factor. The third element was the information, also from Jaworski, that no less than 11 areas of criminal misbehavior that could involve Mr. Nixon were under investigation. The fourth factor was the belated conclusion of an agreement between President Ford and former President Nixon, negotiated by Becker at San Clemente and signed by Mr. Nixon on Friday the 6th, committing the tapes and documents accumulated during the Nixon presidency to his custody in California under his and the federal government's joint control. Jaworski's staff and a congressional committee raised hell about this agreement later and Philip Buchen, acting for Mr. Ford, agreed to postpone transfer of the tapes and other materials to California. But the President was satisfied with it when it was signed. Although he had his spokesmen insist that a satisfactory agreement was not a condition to the pardon, Mr. Ford was equally insistent that he would not announce the pardon before an agreement was concluded. It appears, in short, that the agreement was a condition to the announcement but not to the pardon as such. The terms of the tapes agreements seem to have mattered much more to the President than the wording of Mr. Nixon's grudging admission of error but not of guilt did.

Benton Becker, the aforementioned lawyer and temporary assistant to Buchen, returned from San Clemente to Washington with the tapes agreement and reported to the President on Saturday, September 7. Haig, Hartmann, Marsh and Buchen were present when Becker reported to Mr. Ford. Accounts of that meeting are the most persuasive evidence known to me that Mr. Nixon's physical and mental health was not the decisive factor in Mr. Ford's calculations and decision to grant the pardon that it has been widely reported and believed to be and that he and his assistants say it wasn't. Mr. Ford spent far more time at the meeting on the tapes agreement and showed far more interest in it than he displayed in what Becker, who had conferred in person with Mr. Nixon, had to say about the former President's health. Becker said nothing about Mr. Nixon's spreading phlebitis and apparently didn't notice the enhanced swelling in the left leg that others have reported. Becker said that Mr. Nixon appeared to have aged and shrunken—*shrunken* was a frequent term. His shirt collar flapped around his neck. His jowls hung pathetically loose and flabby. His whole upper torso, hitherto massive for so slight a figure, appeared to have diminished. His attention span seemed to be short, he tended to leave remarks unfinished in mid-sentence, and he rambled. These last observations, which could have been taken to be indirect comments upon Mr. Nixon's mental state, did not particularly impress or interest Mr. Ford and

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the others present. Physical shrinkage apart, Mr. Nixon had been disjointed, rambling, prone to drift off into some far yonder for months before he resigned. Vice President Ford was talking about that last March, to my knowledge.

After Becker finished his report he left the Oval Office with Haig and Marsh. Hartmann and Buchen remained with the President. Mr. Ford leaned back in his chair, clasped his hands behind his head, and proceeded to tick off, for the benefit of Hartmann who would draft the pardon announcement, the reasons that should be stated for granting the pardon. Mr. Ford never once mentioned Mr. Nixon's health during this soliloquy. The reasons he mentioned were the reasons that Hartmann wrote into the delivered statement: mercy; an end to the passions and divisions that a trial would prolong; "Richard Nixon and his loved ones have suffered enough." When Hartmann gave his draft to the President on Sunday morning, Mr. Ford made two changes. Where Hartmann had written that the Nixon tragedy "could go on and on," the President wrote "on and on and on." He also inserted the subsequently famous reference to serious allegations and accusations "threatening the former President's health as he tries to reshape his life." These additions neither surprised nor specially impressed Hartmann and Mr. Ford didn't make any great thing of them. What did impress Hartmann and Buchen during the final preliminary session with the President on Saturday, after Becker had reported and gone, was Mr. Ford's adamant insistence that the pardon be announced immediately. He would have done it that Saturday night if he hadn't been persuaded with considerable difficulty that it would take time to complete the necessary paper work and duplication, line up television, and assemble the national press. He was urged to put the announcement over into the following week. Mr. Ford said Sunday at the absolute latest. He was asked why the rush? His only answer was that somebody might ask him about it and he didn't want to have to lie about it. Why not simply say, he hadn't decided? "Because I *have* decided," the President answered. The answer didn't satisfy the few assistants who heard it or learned about it. They suspected that the President was holding something back. A natural suspicion was that it had something to do with concern for and about Mr. Nixon. If Mr. Ford was holding something back and we knew what it was, we'd have the solution of any mystery there may be about the Nixon pardon.

Mr. Ford's press secretary and friend of 25 years, Jerry terHorst, resigned in protest. A matter of principle, he said. He is suspected at the White House of wanting out anyhow and of using the pardon as a pretext. Mr. Ford believed it was indeed an act of principle. "You just don't understand these evangelical Michigan Dutchmen," he told an outraged loyalist.

John Osborne

Getting to the Bottom Of the CIA Cover-up

Tad Szulc, in his article that follows, writes about Central Intelligence Agency subversion in Chile and the hiding of it from congressional scrutiny. The judgments that led to secret intervention in Chilean politics deserve to be criticized, but at least the CIA was within its legal authority under its charter. That is not the case with CIA's complicity in Watergate "extra-agency activities." The law barring the agency from undertaking domestic operations was clearly violated. Moreover, when former CIA Director Richard Helms gave misleading and inaccurate answers to questions posed by senators about past CIA assistance to Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt, who worked for the Nixon White House, he was covering up possible criminal activity.

On May 21, 1973 Helms was recalled from his post as ambassador to Iran and questioned under oath by members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The break-in at the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, Dr. Lewis Fielding, by then had been uncovered, along with information that CIA had given equipment and aid to Hunt who had directed the illegal entry. Helms said he had never heard of Dr. Fielding until the psychiatrist's name appeared in the newspapers. When asked about photographs that had been taken by Hunt with a CIA camera and developed by the agency, Helms swore, "I do not know what the contents of the film were in the latter part of August [1971]." One senator asked if anyone at the agency who reviewed the film thought Hunt might be contemplating a break-in. "I never heard anybody at the agency mention such a theory," Helms replied and later added, "nobody had given us the slightest indication that anything underhanded was afoot."

Helms was asked why CIA had cut off its assistance to Hunt on August 27, 1971. Twice the former director said it was solely because Hunt's requests had become "too extensive." To support that, he recollected that Hunt asked to have a secretary brought back from Paris and a covert New York telephone and address established for him. Helms never mentioned the photographs and what they appeared to show as the reason for the agency's stopping its aid to Hunt.

A review of the House Judiciary Committee material on the Ellsberg break-in and CIA's role indicate Helms' Senate testimony was not the true agency story. On July 7, 1971 White House aide John Ehrlichman called then CIA Deputy Director Robert Cushman, and according to Cushman's secretary's notes, said: "I want to alert you that an old acquaintance [of Cushman's], Howard Hunt, has been asked by the President to do some special consultant work on security problems. He may be contacting you sometime in the future for

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some assistance. I wanted you to know that he was in fact doing some things for the President. He is a long-time acquaintance with the people here. He may want some help on computer runs and other things. You should consider he has pretty much carte blanche."

Cushman did not know that Ehrlichman's call had been prompted by Hunt's then-White House boss Charles Colson. And at the time Cushman could not know that the reason for the call was to pave the way for Hunt to get disguises, false identity cards, a clandestine camera and tape recording equipment from the CIA which were to be used for domestic political purposes.

In making this July 1971 request to the agency for "carte blanche" aid to Hunt and wrapping it in vagueness about "security problems," Ehrlichman and Colson seemed to be sure they would encounter no CIA demand for proof that Hunt was not violating the agency's charter—and the law—prohibiting domestic operations. Would Cushman have cared? Why were these White House aides either unaware of the law or not fearful such an illegal request, if identified, would be turned down, or worse, exposed to the public?

Again, another flashback—this time to 1969. According to the House Judiciary Committee's final report on the impeachment articles against Richard Nixon: "In 1969, Haldeman and Ehrlichman asked the Central Intelligence Agency to conduct physical surveillance of Donald Nixon, the President's brother, who was moving to Las Vegas. Haldeman was reported to have feared that Donald Nixon would come into contact with criminal elements." Thereafter is cited a report by the CIA inspector general and Deputy Director Cushman dated June 29, 1973. The House report goes on to say that the CIA refused to undertake that mission because it had "no jurisdiction to engage in domestic law enforcement or internal security activities . . ." So some line *was* drawn.

Sometime after the July 7 Ehrlichman call to Cushman, which was dutifully reported to the CIA staff meeting the next morning, and before July 27, 1971, CIA was asked to prepare a psychological profile of Daniel Ellsberg. The request came from White House aide David Young, who along with Hunt and others were investigating Ellsberg. Young reportedly said that both Henry Kissinger, then running the National Security Council, and Ehrlichman wanted CIA to help. Helms' director of security, Howard Osborne, to whom the request was first made, has stated he initially told Young it would have to be cleared by Helms, since Ellsberg was "a United States citizen who was presently involved in a legal sense with the United States government." Helms approved the project after talking to Young. He told Osborne that nothing was to be sent to the White House "without his personal prior approval." It is interesting that Helms, in later testimony on the matter, said he complained to Young that for the agency to write a profile on an American citizen was "an imposition," since CIA knew nothing about Ellsberg. Nowhere did Helms complain that the task involved CIA in a domestic matter. Later Helms was to weasel out some language in the law that permitted the agency to study problems associated with the security of CIA classified documents.

With the profile project approved, FBI documents on Ellsberg and published materials were sent to the CIA employee who handled the job, Dr. Bernard Malloy. Meanwhile Hunt followed up on the July 7 Ehrlichman call and visited CIA Deputy Director Cushman on July 22. A tape of that meeting relates that Hunt said the equipment was needed because of "a highly sensitive mission by the White House to visit and elicit information from an individual whose ideology we aren't entirely sure of. . . ." That "individual" was Clifton DeMotte, a man who supposedly had information on the Kennedys. Hunt also said it would be a "one time op[eration] . . . in and out." Cushman did not ask if this was a domestic activity, instead he said: "I don't see why we can't" provide the equipment. The next day Hunt got what he wanted. One week later Hunt called the CIA technician who supplied the first material and asked for a tape recorder and additional help, including credit cards, a second speech alteration device and a New York address and telephone number.

On August 11 the CIA's first profile on Ellsberg was delivered to the White House, after having been reviewed by Helms. Attached to it was a note from CIA Security Director Osborne stipulating: "I know that you appreciate that however this is used, the agency should not become involved."

The report disappointed Young and his colleagues at the White House. That same day, Young and Emil Krogh proposed "a covert operation be undertaken to examine" the files of Ellsberg's former psychiatrist, Dr. Lewis Fielding. Thus plans were launched for the subsequent break-in, and on the following day Mr. Malloy of CIA met with Young, Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy to discuss the agency report on Ellsberg. Malloy has recalled that when he was told that Ellsberg had been under the care of a psychiatrist, Dr. Fielding's name was also given to him. Though Hunt asked Malloy to keep his name out of any report on the meeting, Malloy responded he could not. The White House aides asked Malloy what additional material he needed to expand what had already been done. Malloy suggested data from Ellsberg's early life, "from nurses or close relatives. . . ."

Conversations continued to take place over the next weeks between Malloy and Hunt with the latter pressuring for a new profile. On August 25, 1971, Hunt and Gordon Liddy requested and received additional disguise material from CIA, along with a camera concealed in a tobacco pouch. A day later the CIA technician who delivered the material was called long

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distance by Hunt and asked to meet him at six am at Dulles Airport to receive the camera and film and develop them. The film was taken for development but the technicians began to question the use to which Hunt was putting the equipment. The camera had been used by Hunt and Liddy to clandestinely photograph Dr. Fielding's office, inside and outside, in order to prepare for the burglary. The photographs were reviewed by CIA technical supervisory personnel before they were delivered to Hunt. They revealed a shot of a parking space with the name "Dr. Fielding" clearly visible. They also disclosed shots of the office and one CIA official speculated at the time they were "casing" photographs. Deputy Director Cushman's office was informed. A decision was made to tell Hunt that no more requests for assistance would be honored. According to Gen. Cushman's aide, the CIA technical people thought the assistance given Hunt "appeared to involve the agency in domestic clandestine operations," a finding confirmed by the CIA general counsel's office. That same day, August 27, Cushman called Ehrlichman at the White House and told him aid to Hunt was being halted because of those concerns.

On September 3, 1971 the break-in at Dr. Fielding's office took place. On October 14 or 15, 1971 the CIA technician who had developed the pictures for Hunt was told Gen. Cushman was lunching with Hunt the next day and wanted a complete briefing on what assistance Hunt had been given. The technician included in the briefing material xerox copies of the Hunt photographs. What happened at that meeting (if it took place) between Hunt and Cushman, and why did the CIA deputy director at that time want to be brought up to date on Hunt's requests? Did the agency figure out that there was a relationship between the Ellsberg profile and the Hunt casing job of Fielding's office? Was any additional material supplied by CIA on Ellsberg after the Fielding break-in? I've asked that question several places and have no answer. It is known that the final CIA profile went to the White House on November 9, 1971 and carried with it a note from Helms stating: "I do wish to underline the point that our involvement in this matter should not be revealed in any context, formal or informal." Though Helms was later to testify he meant the work might reflect adversely on the capabilities of the agency, the men who put the study together have said that their concern was that the "agency's involvement become known and particularly that it might come to light during any proceeding."

Walter Pincus

Candid but Mistaken about Chile

Where President Ford Is Wrong

by Tad Szulc

Gerald Ford's first public pronouncement on a controversial foreign policy question—secret intervention in Chilean politics prior to last year's bloody coup d'état—was as startling in its sweep as it was erroneous on virtually every point of fact. Probably the first American President to do so publicly, Mr. Ford last week delivered an extraordinary defense of covert intelligence operations abroad, claiming that in this particular case it was "in the best interest of the people of Chile, and certainly in our best interest," and that "our government, like other governments, does take certain actions in the intelligence field to help implement foreign policy and protect national security." By thus advertising the subversion engineered on a continuing basis by the super-secret "40 Committee" of the National Security Council, the President handed the worldwide Communist propaganda mill some of the best grist it has had in years.

Now for the facts.

Mr. Ford stated that the US government "had no involvement in any way whatsoever in the coup *itself*." In the strictest sense, this is probably true: the Chilean army needed no further physical help from us to launch the September 11, 1973 revolution and the subsequent terror. Chile's armed forces are equipped mainly with US materiel, and our military advisers worked with the Chileans throughout the Allende period. Likewise between 1970 and 1974, when the US deprived Chile of commercial credit, including credit

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for vitally needed food imports, it supplied the Chilean armed forces with at least $30 million worth of arms, primarily aircraft, on credit. A squadron of S-5 jet fighters was delivered a few weeks before the coup and more planes were in the pipeline. The regime fell after jet fighters bombed the presidential palace. For what it was worth psychologically, a US naval task force was off the shores of Chile the week of the coup in preparation for joint exercises with Chilean warships. Most loans to Allende's Chile were refused by the US on the grounds that Chile lacked credit worthiness, although this was no bar to military credit sales.

What of US assistance to anti-Allende forces before the coup and before Allende took office? Here is where the President was misinformed, perhaps by Secretary of State Kissinger who himself is caught in a credibility squeeze on Chile.

Until the surfacing of secret congressional testimony last April by CIA Director William E. Colby, the administration had insisted, as did Kissinger a month after the coup, that the US did virtually nothing to damage Allende. Colby testified, however, that the CIA spent eight million dollars in Chile between 1970 and 1973 to prevent Allende, in effect, from governing efficiently. He also said that three million dollars had been expended in 1964 to keep Allende from winning in that election. This is how Mr. Ford explained these pre-coup activities: "In a period of time, three or four years ago, there was an effort being made by the Allende government to destroy opposition news media, both the writing press as well as the electronic press. And to destroy opposition political parties. And the effort that was made in this case was to help and assist the preservation of opposition newspapers and electronic media and to preserve opposition political parties. I think this is in the best interest of the people in Chile, and certainly in our best interest."

The President's statement is inconsistent with reality in these respects:

1) The US, through authorizations issued by the 40 Committee, embarked on undercover support of the anti-Allende press and opposition parties nearly four months *before* Allende took office. Former CIA Director Richard Helms testified last year that $400,000 was approved for media support in Chile on June 27, 1970. After Allende won a plurality, but not a majority in the elections on September 4, 1970, the US, according to Colby's testimony, invested $350,000 to bribe Chilean congressmen to vote against Allende in the runoff in the Congress on October 24. So there was no question of saving opposition parties and press at that time from persecution by Allende.

2) After Allende became President, his minority Marxist regime, the *Unidad Popular*, did precious little to "destroy opposition news media." *El Mercurio*, the principal anti-Allende newspaper in Santiago, was closed down only once for several days, after publishing an editorial calling, in effect, for insurrection. When its owner, Augustin Edwards, fled Chile immediately after Allende took office (Edwards came to the US and became a member of the board of directors of the Pepsi-Cola company, which is headed by Richard Nixon's close friend, Donald Kimball) the new government began tax and antitrust litigation against the Edwards empire. While *El Mercurio* remained the voice of the opposition (it could be read in the waiting room of the Chilean embassy in Washington, along with pro-regime leftist publications), the Edwards family was divested of its bank and other nonpress holdings. A right-wing newspaper, *La Tribuna*, ran into some trouble after charging in print that Allende had been expelled from medical school for raping a 14-year-old girl.

The Allende regime did refuse to authorize the Catholic university in Concepcion to go on the air with a new radio station. The university thereupon set up a relay from the Catholic university's station in Santiago. After the regime began jamming these broadcasts, persons believed to be linked to rightist militant groups blew up the jamming facility.

Ford and Frankfurter

Q. Mr. President, under what international law do we have a right to attempt to destabilize the constitutionally elected government of another country? And does the Soviet Union have a similar right to try to destabilize the government of Canada, for example, or the United States?

A. I'm not going to pass judgment on whether it's permitted or authorized under international law. It's a recognized fact that historically as well as presently such actions are taken in the best interests of the countries involved.

Presidential press conference, Sept. 16, 1974

I remember shocking him [the Judge Advocate General] . . . when he came into my room and said, "Frankfurter, I want you to help me. I've just been over to the White House"—this was just after we had seized the customs house at Vera Cruz [April 1914] "and I'm asked to write a memorandum whether that seizure should be treated as an act of war and what its status is in international law. Will you work with me on that?"

I said, "General, I'm going to ask to be excused. I don't have to work on that. I know the answer to that."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do."

"What is the answer?"

"It would be an act of war against a great nation; it isn't against a small nation."

"I can't give him that."

"I know you can't, but that's the answer."

from Felix Frankfurter Reminiscences
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3) There is no evidence that Allende was out to "destroy opposition political parties," unless we are willing to say that the Nixon administration was out to destroy the Democrats here. The Chilean Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, both with anti-Allende majorities, functioned until the day of the coup. Allende resisted pressure from the extreme left of his coalition to call a plebiscite to abolish the existing Congress and replace it with a hand-picked unicameral parliament. There were few political prisoners in Chile under Allende. Today there are over 20,000.

If the opposition was not in that much trouble (Allende failed to win a majority in the Congress in the 1972 parliamentary elections), the question arises why the CIA needed eight million dollars to preserve the "best interest" of the Chilean people. Colby, who is more precise in his statements, told a conference on the CIA and Covert Actions in Washington, DC earlier this month that all that money went to Chile to help "our democratic friends" to survive until 1976, so that they could then vote the Marxists out of office. Addressing specialists, Colby knew better than to argue that the CIA was saving the opposition from destruction by Allende.

4) Mr. Ford asserted that the 40 Committee keeps the appropriate congressional committees informed of its plans for covert intrigue. This is not so. The 40 Committee as such has never briefed the Congress and, as far as it is known, Kissinger, who runs the secret group, never confided in congressmen on its behalf. There is an oversight authority in four subcommittees over the CIA's activities, but these bodies meet seldom and their members rarely ask searching questions. Colby has acknowledged that the congressional subcommittees are told of CIA activities *post facto* rather than before the fact as Mr. Ford claimed.

The day after the President spoke, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted unanimously to reopen its investigation of the US role in the Chilean events. Its staff recommended that perjury or contempt citations be considered against former CIA Director Richard Helms and former senior CIA and State Department officials for misleading the Senate in earlier testimony. And the senators want to hear again from Kissinger, who heads the 40 Committee.

The question I find so puzzling is why Mr. Ford is so misinformed about the history of our involvement in Chile—and about the Chilean situation in 1970-1973—and why the 40 Committee approved the eight million dollars for covert operations, a rather large sum to keep Chilean newspapers going and "our democratic friends" in pocket money. If, in the name of democracy, the US was aiding the opposition in Chile against an elected government, was it also aiding the press and the opposition under dictatorships in Brazil, Greece and Spain or the Soviet Union? It would be interesting to know. Is it helping the new opposition in Chile, where a police state has been constructed by the military junta? Kissinger claims that the US must not interfere in the internal affairs of others—even to encourage Soviet dissidents.

If the issue was the nationalization by Chile of US foreign investments with inadequate indemnification or none, why not admit it instead of sermonizing about the opposition press and parties? Why doesn't this "open administration" come clean?

". . . And, being a non-Communist junta, we can count on automatic US support."

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What Have the Oil Companies Been Up To?

During last year's great gasoline crisis, with its long lines at service stations and booming prices, word got around that the oil barons had created the shortage to boost prices and profits. That suspicion remains in the plans of a surprising number of government officials and regulators: antitrust studies and actions against the oil companies are moving ahead in at least eight states, mostly involving charges or possible charges that the oil firms conspired to fix prices and marketing shares. The Federal Trade Commission is plowing ahead with its antitrust case against the eight largest oil companies. Seven major companies have been indicted in New York on charges of anticompetitive gasoline and marketing in the New York City area. Justice Department trustbusters are likely to ask a grand jury to investigate whether major oil companies deliberately acted to worsen the impact of last winter's fuel shortage and then used the shortage to boost profits. Attorney General William Saxbe has met with a number of state attorneys general to talk about their oil antitrust maneuvers and has suggested that Law Enforcement Assistance Administration monies might be diverted to help the state officials press their oil investigations.

Was there a conspiracy? No jury has come in with a guilty verdict. The companies have issued strong denials whenever they have been accused or charged. As Mobil Oil said when it was among the seven firms indicted in the New York case: "Let's face it, there seems to be an idea in some quarters that it's effective politics to sock it to the oil companies." Nonetheless the extent of the investigations is significant. In an unusual show of state-federal cooperation, 29 states have pledged support to the FTC's oil antitrust efforts.

An energy crisis committee set up by the National District Attorneys Association has been studying oil antitrust subjects since January, under direction of Robert F. Leonard, district attorney for Michigan's Genesee County (Flint). In one report the Leonard task force found that between 1971 and 1973 the eight largest oil firms closed 15,194 of their brand name stations in what appears to be a concerted effort to carve up certain markets for individual companies and thus reduce competition and make price setting easier. Leonard's staff said the station closings showed that some oil firms deliberately moved out of lucrative marketing areas. Gulf closed 1325 stations in Michigan, seven percent of the stations in the state. Major oil marketers shut down 12 percent of the stations in Missouri and Delaware, 9.5 percent of stations in Maryland, 11 percent in Maine, 9.3 percent in Illinois. The summary in Leonard's preliminary report says: "Even though we have studied this problem over a relatively short period of time, certain clear anticompetitive practices and tactics are shown. The common threads that pervade the oil industry are knowledge of each other's activities through a complex series of corporate agreements in joint bidding leases, joint production, joint ownership of pipelines, crude oil exchanges, refined product exchanges and possible sales or exchanges of marketing, transportation or refining facilities; identical courses of action relating to pricing in gas war situations, and series of interlocking primary and secondary relationships with the nation's largest banks and insurance companies. The majors also have acquired smaller producers and refiners through purchase or merger and have, by these actions, caused an apparently catastrophic effect on the independent retail marketers who were through highly efficient operations and on a retail price competition basis making significant inroads into the retail market." The report also echoes previous suspicions that all gasolines are alike, despite the advertised additive that supposedly makes each "better than the others."

The attorneys general also say the surface has barely been scratched. The industry is complicated and the industry giants are well staffed and financed to take on any probers. The state attorney offices are in general understaffed and underfinanced. Florida, which along with Michigan, Connecticut, New York, California, Pennsylvania and Colorado has oil investigations underway, has only three attorneys on the case and no economists. The Federal Trade Commission had to fight like hell for an extra million dollars it needed to acquire computer ability to help store and sort out the data in its oil probe. The companies involved in the New York indictments stand willing to pay far more in legal costs to defend themselves than they might face in potential fines (which by law now stand at a maximum $50,000 each).

Within Saxbe's Justice Department there is a group willing to press ahead, convinced that some oil companies committed antitrust violations such as agreeing to withhold certain products from market, rigging prices and dividing the market among themselves to avoid competition. Saxbe's trustbuster, Assistant Attorney General Thomas E. Kauper, has voiced opinions lately that indicate he wants to press ahead with antitrust suits as a means of fighting inflation. But Kauper's predecessors have made similar noises only to be shot down from above or moved out of office.

Robert W. Dietsch

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Project Independence

Enough Energy by 1985?

by Eliot Marshall

The czar of the Federal Energy Administration, John Sawhill, inherited his job from his former boss, William Simon, and with it he inherited something called Project Independence. Sawhill's task has been to make sense of that campaign. The first heard of it was in Richard Nixon's address shortly after the beginning of the oil embargo: "Let us set as our national goal . . . that by the end of this decade we will have developed the potential to meet our own energy needs without depending on any foreign sources." The goal has faded away along with its author. Sawhill now says he would "never advocate complete self-sufficiency in energy for the United States." Instead he sees the project as a way to reach about 75 or 80 percent energy self-sufficiency by 1985. We are 70 percent self-sufficient today and slipping.

Unlike earlier energy planners, Sawhill has decided to ask the public what it would like Project Independence to do. This doesn't mean he will accept the advice. It does mean he has made his job more difficult by inviting comments at hearings in 10 cities, and by asking consumer, environmental and industry spokesmen to consult with him through advisory councils, so that a "Project Independence Blueprint" can be drawn up by November 1 for delivery to the President, and later to Congress, as the nation's strategy for mastering the energy shortage.

There will be two parts to this Sawhill strategy, one for saving energy and another for increasing domestic production as rapidly as possible. Leaving aside the conservation proposals, which are numerous but not as bold as the drive for new production, this report examines the latter, for it is the real thrust and the danger of Project Independence.

The broad design is already visible. We can expect no direct federal involvement in energy production. Sawhill doesn't think "any useful purpose would be served by creating a federal oil and gas corporation. The thing that bothers me about it . . . is that government bureaucrats don't take risks. You've got to have people that are willing to go out and bet their jobs on the chance that if they drill 10 wells they'll find one big one." He thinks that a government corporation would be a "rubber yardstick," like the Tennessee Valley Authority: "I don't think we need to run a company to get that kind of expertise. I think we can do that through a combination of advisory committees composed of industry people, people we've hired that have a good background experience and people that are willing to learn." He believes the oil tax breaks should be retained until oil prices are decontrolled (60 percent of the crude oil in the US is below the world price). Thus he would keep both the domestic depletion allowance and the foreign tax credit.

Despite the large budget planned for research on new energy sources ($10 billion through 1985), Sawhill concedes that none of these exotic programs will contribute to the energy menu in a large way until the late 1980s, if then. In the meantime the government will have little alternative, he believes, but to speed up production of fossil fuels and construction of nuclear plants. To do this the FEA is becoming an advocate for energy producers within the bureaucracy. It has gone to bat for the electric utilities and won at least a temporary relaxation in air quality standards. It has worked with the Atomic Energy Commission to shorten the licensing time for atomic plants. It has helped independent oil companies find steel tubing. It has helped sponsors of refineries and electric plants negotiate the environmental thickets that hold them back. It has shown utilities how to operate more efficiently and pass fuel costs on to consumers. At present the FEA is considering ways to speed up "federal property disposal procedures." This includes the leasing of public lands for production of oil, oil shale, coal and gas, and also the granting of special permits to build "energy parks," areas that will contain clusters of undesirable refineries, coal gasification plants and atomic reactors that can't find a home elsewhere. The agency is drafting a federal siting bill that would give it more authority to place energy plants where it thinks they are needed.

If the preliminary drafts of the energy blueprint (called task force reports) are to be taken at face value, the FEA is not contemplating a minor adjustment of incentives to producers—as Sawhill claims—but a massive shift of capital and heavy material goods out of the consumer's hands and into industry's. That this expanded industrial activity will bring redoubled consumer and energy demands is not considered in the studies I have seen, nor have I read how these demands will be restrained. There is an assumption, however, that prices will rise so sharply in the future that people will cease gobbling up the fuel and steel that Project Independence needs.

This April as the oil companies were chalking up

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their first big profits following the 1973 price hikes, the Chase Manhattan Bank issued a "special petroleum report" providing some stern words on the need for continued high profits in oil. The report noted that the profit returned on investment for 30 big companies surveyed in 1972 averaged "only 9.7 percent." In 1973 the profit for the same 30 rose to 15.6 percent worldwide, but again it was "too low" in the US—only 11 percent. The conclusion: "The rate of return on invested capital will need to range between 15 and 20 percent" in the next decade, and by 1985 "in the United States alone the petroleum industry's financial needs will exceed half a trillion dollars." This is a big order, but it doesn't even include the needs of electric utilities, coal mines or the industries that support them. The bulletin ended with an eerie warning to politicians: "The temper of the times is dangerous.... Consumers will not tolerate shortages of petroleum or other forms of energy indefinitely.... In response to their needs and demands men and women with a more positive attitude toward the free enterprise system and the needs for capital can be attracted to government service." The message is getting through to FEA.

When FEA asked for independent guesses on the capital needs of Project Independence, it got more of the same advice. Robert Hollander of the Federal Reserve Board said the project as outlined by FEA would require $700 billion in new investments just to carry it to 1985. The National Academy of Engineering produced a somewhat lower estimate—around $597 billion—and the National Petroleum Council predicted $628 billion. The FEA itself came up with the lowest figure, based, it said, on "vigorous conservation"—about $545 billion. These are weak figures for, like the Chase Manhattan estimate, they don't count operating expenses, debt payments or the tremendous costs of building new mills to supply mining equipment, building new houses to shelter the miners' families, and highways and cars to get them to and fro.

Where will the money for Project Independence come from? When the respected economic consultant Data Resources, Inc. tried to help FEA answer this, it came up with a scenario reminiscent of Hoover days. First it postulated a healthy economy, with wholesale price increases settling down to an annual rate of about 3.5 percent. (This August wholesale prices were climbing at an annual rate of 46.8 percent, the fastest ever.) Second the report said the government would have to stop expanding but maintain high taxes to build up a surplus in the budget. Third it anticipated *increases* in local taxes. If all these conditions were met, it said, personal consumption would drop (though personal debt would remain high), private incomes would fall, and Project Independence could be financed with the company profits that would accumulate and the investment these profits would attract. Quite neat; but in order for it to work, the government must be kept in a quiescent state, except perhaps for beefing up the "Federal Financing Bank for carrying some of the load of business debt, such as through credit programs for railroad rehabilitation that are already scheduled." Data Resources warned against even slight increases in non-business activity: "Small changes in Social Security programs or in military spending could produce a different picture."

Another way to grasp the frightening demands that Project Independence makes is to add up some of its material requirements. Take steel, for example: it's the basic metal in oil derricks, pipelines, tankers, coal mines, railroads, electric generating turbines, nuclear reactors, refineries and, of course, steel mills themselves. One need not analyze the assumptions behind them to see immediately that FEA's estimates of steel used in this project are more optimistic than the dreamiest industry expectations. The FEA task force report on steel begins by stipulating a six-year increase in steelmaking *capacity* of about 26 percent and a 10-year increase to 1985 of nearly 45 percent. Not only must we increase the rate at which the industry grows, but we must double the volume of tubular goods produced for the oil industry, even though these are among the most costly and difficult to make. The report concludes that if these qualifications are met, the supply of energy related steel products will still fall hundreds of thousands of tons short of requirements.

Lest anyone mistake this for a mild case of giddiness at FEA, let me mention a few problems facing the steel industry. First a note: the estimates used by FEA don't take into account the additional steel required to build new mills or the energy to be diverted to steelmaking from other industries. (Steel production now consumes about six percent of all energy used in the US.) Though iron ore is plentiful in this country, its quality declines daily as the best ore is taken out: as a result we now import more than a third of the ore we use. We also import roughly 10 percent of the new steel we use, which is considerably less than we've imported in the past, and less than the designers of Project Independence count on. Recently the demand for steel has been rising more rapidly outside the US than within, and young countries in the future will want an even larger share of the world supply to construct their basic industries. Prices for steel and iron ore are about to make a tremendous leap. Meanwhile the domestic gap between demand and supply is growing.

Like the energy companies, steel has pollution troubles. The Council on Environmental Quality recently guessed that with normal growth, the steelmakers would have to spend $3.5 billion on air and water clean-up programs by 1976. This is more than three times what was spent in the 20 years previous, and it's just the first installment. Fuel is a problem too. About 68 percent of the energy used in the steel proc-

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ess is coal, and this year the coal miners are determined to get what they feel is their share of the new coal profits. Coal users are braced for a strike. Another 20 percent of the energy used in steel manufacture is natural gas, which is critically short everywhere in the US. Both coal and steel depend on the railroads for freighting, and the Association of American Railroads estimates it will cost $38 billion merely to bring railroads up to date in the next 10 years, assuming a normal rate of growth and no inflation. Yet the financial situation of the railroads is so shaky today that current deferred maintenance and capital improvement costs are put conservatively around $7.3 billion.

Finally, the industry's own projections, as reported in *Iron Age* this July, merit attention. After summarizing the "bold moves" by which steelmakers intend to expand mills in existence to maximum capacity by 1977, the report says: "Not so clear or cheerful is the outlook for 1980. If the projections are right, another 10 or 20 million tons of basic capacity will be needed by that date. This second increment will require expansion from the ground up—from ore mines through iron and steel furnaces. There is no general rush to start projects for 1980 . . . and in many cases, new projects have not even reached the planning stage." The new capacity for 1980 will cost about twice as much per ton in current dollars as the capacity being added in the "bold moves" planned for 1977. Since it takes four or five years to build a big plant, construction would have to begin immediately to add new capacity by 1980. The steel crisis will soon be recognized as a comrade of the energy crisis.

The energy blueprint could become an important document if it is allowed to emphasize some of the harsh realities mentioned above. However, this isn't likely to happen, because the task force leaders feel their mandate is to identify "bottlenecks" and not deadends. Jack Doyle, an engineering consultant for Ralph M. Parsons hired to work on construction estimates for Project Independence, ran into this wall of optimism when he filed his report with the materials, equipment and construction task force in July. Though he concedes his summary was not definitive, he believes it identified several unavoidable barriers—shortages of water, steel and raw materials—that could not be ignored. He was told to rewrite his paper assuming he had "unlimited resources and unlimited funds." He was told another group would worry about "impact" for three or four years after the blueprint is handed to the President. He rewrote it, but again he listed some of the barriers he could not ignore. He said his paper was rejected twice more and now, he claims, the government is dictating the types of data to be used and virtually telling itself what it wants to hear. The two companies hired to do the job will still sign their names and collect the $40,000 fee. Doyle imagines that "a lot of guys are going through the same experience" and not complaining.

The FEA warns that task force reports should not be regarded as conclusive. (And indeed, the projection for new electric power was drastically trimmed between July 22 and August 15 this summer. In those weeks FEA told its task forces to forget plans that called for roughly 85 nuclear plants, 26 oil-fired plants and 396 coal-fired plants. It added 55 hydroelectric plants instead.) The guiding principles of the project have not changed, however; they are essentially those sketched in Chase Manhattan's spring report on oil. The FEA has added a number of technical tuning programs to reduce fuel burned in car engines, home furnaces and electric plants, but it will rely on high prices to cut demand in the long run. The FEA, in Doyle's words, is waiting not for one, but several miracles.

Report from Cyprus

Shambles

by Stanley Karnow

Nicosia

One afternoon last week a pair of Turkish jet fighter planes appeared over this city, darting across the azure sky like silver birds, and although they flew off within a matter of minutes, their impact was electric. Offices emptied, merchants quickly shuttered up their shops, and those who could motored into the nearby hills amid rumors that the aircraft were reconnoitering for a fresh offensive by the Turkish forces, which already occupy the northern tier of the island. Nothing of course occurred, and a day later all was again calm. Yet the moment of panic dramatized the extreme nervousness of the Greek Cypriots, who vastly outnumber the

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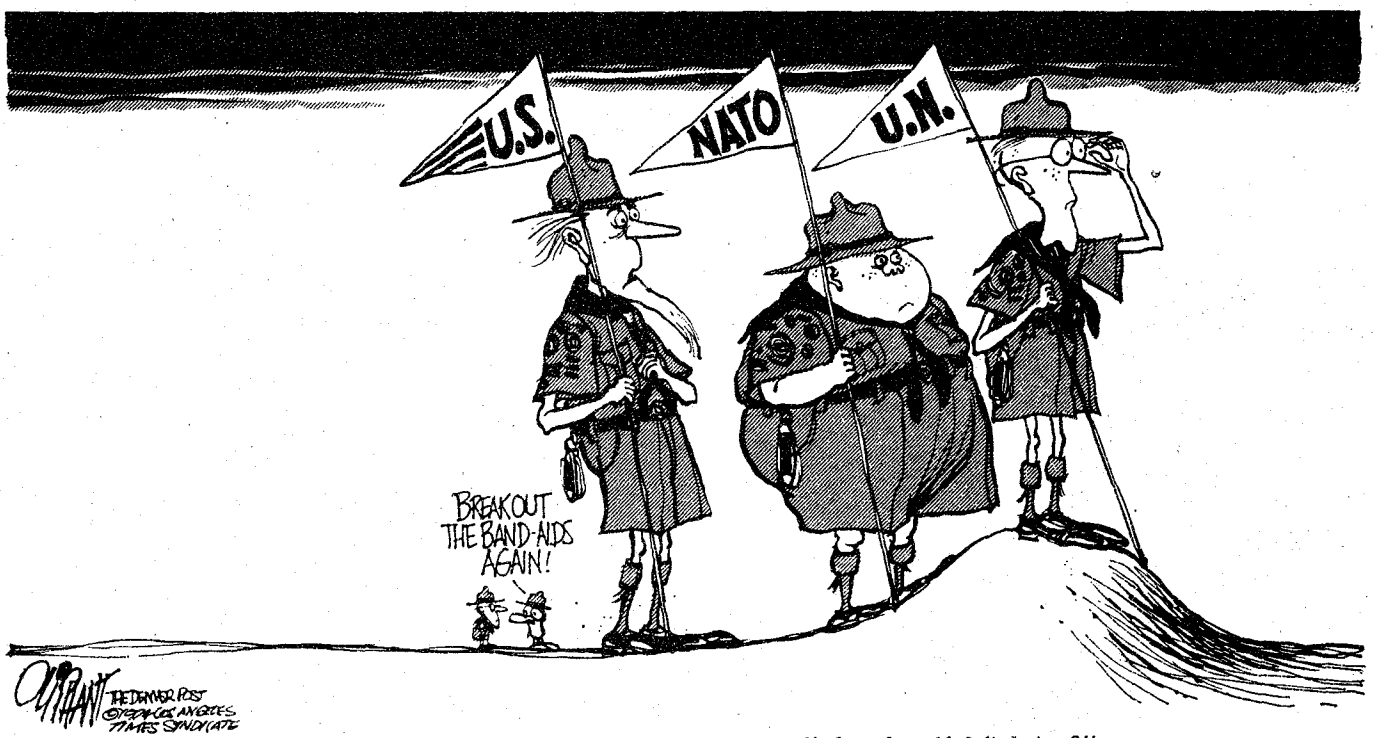
local Turkish minority. Their apprehension is understandable, for the invasion of Cyprus by Turkey that followed the ouster of President Makarios 10 weeks ago has been devastating. Hundreds of Greek and Turkish Cypriots have been killed, often in atrocious circumstances, and new tales of slaughter, rape and pillage are detailed nearly every day by one ethnic group in an effort to impugn the other. More than one-third of the island's population has been driven into refugee camps in the southern sector, and the touristy northern coast, now controlled by the Turkish army, is a scene of desolation. Glafkos Clerides, the Greek Cypriot leader, and Rauf Denktash, his Turkish counterpart, are meanwhile trying under United Nations auspices to negotiate an accommodation. They showed a bit of progress a few days ago when, with much fanfare, some sick and disabled civilian prisoners were exchanged. But even though the two men are old friends, their attempts to reach a substantive settlement have been fruitless. Denktash cannot accede to a compromise that is unacceptable to Turkey, and Clerides is operating under the shadow of Greece as well as under pressure from Makarios, who has been sitting in London since July. Both Cypriot leaders are therefore pawns in a conflict between Greece and Turkey that dates back a thousand years, and thus their task is being complicated by outside factors. The prevailing view here, consequently, is that the horrors of the past two months may be repeated.

People who know Cyprus well suggest that its portrayal by Lawrence Durrell, while marvelous prose, is somewhat romantic. Durrell's picture of the island is largely one of ethnic harmony shattered in the late 1950s by the struggle against British colonial rule waged mainly by the Greek Cypriots. In fact, I am told, the two principal ethnic groups more or less coexisted until then only because the Greek majority, which makes up more than 80 percent of the population and has commanded the island's resources, was able to keep the less dynamic Turks down. In other words the situation resembled that of our own South, where peace reigned as long as whites dominated blacks. So potential tensions have for years simmered below the surface of this pluralistic society, and they began to emerge during the fight for independence, when the British, distrustful of Greek Cypriots, recruited Turks as policemen and administrative officials. After independence, the Greeks led by Makarios took revenge against the Turks by excluding them from economic development projects and generally treating them as second-class citizens. The friction created by this behavior eventually sparked an outbreak of clashes in 1964 that, in reverse, seemed to be a rehearsal for the present ruction. In that uprising, the Greek Cypriot movement known as EOKA-B ruthlessly persecuted Turks, dislocating them in much the same way that the Turkish army has, on a broader scale, now displaced Greeks. The fallout from that period also plunged Cyprus into political confusion. On the one hand Makarios came under assault from the Greek Cypriot extremists and their military supporters in Athens, who favored *enosis*, or union, between Cyprus and Greece. At the same time, both he and his Greek adversaries were opposed by the Turks, who sought a stronger voice in running the island. The overthrow of Makarios by agents of the Athens junta raised the specter of immediate *enosis*, and Turkey, either genuinely scared by that prospect or merely seeking a pretext to intervene, invaded Cyprus. Since then the Turks have extended their hold over nearly half of the



"Can you see Nicosia? Are we in time to stop all that dreadful fighting?"

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island, and their bargaining position is very solid indeed. They have territory, and they have turned some Greeks into refugees.

It was obvious to me as I went into the northern zone the other day that, depending on the settlement they can impose, the Turks intend to transform this region into a separate Turkish state, an autonomous Turkish area within a Cyprus federation, or an appendage of Turkey. The natural beauty of the coast is extraordinary. Rugged mountains form a backdrop to hills sloping down to the sea, and villages nestled in the landscape afford spectacular perspectives of the scene. But this canvas is currently suffused with death and destruction. Wrecked tanks and armored cars litter roads, and tourist spots with names like "The Mermaid Hotel" and "Charisma Villas" are in ruins. The only people I saw in the picturesque port of Kyrenia were a Turkish army patrol and a waiter hosing down a café terrace for customers who would never arrive. Turkish soldiers were the only human beings visible along the coastal road, where entire Greek villages, their buildings charred or in shambles, have lost all their inhabitants.

Turkish officials in the area are not only effacing the Greek presence by painting out the Greek letters on road signs and store windows, but they plan to repopulate the region with Turkish Cypriots and perhaps with Turks from mainland Turkey. A lonely Turkish police officer I encountered in Lapithos, a lovely hillside town overlooking the Mediterranean whose 6000 Greek inhabitants had fled south, explained to me that the departed population will be replaced by Turkish families that were driven out of the place by Greeks during the disturbances of 10 years ago. He further explained that since the homes of the returning Turks were destroyed a decade earlier, they would be lodged "temporarily" in the houses of the Greeks who had escaped. "They did it to us and now we're doing it to them," the policeman implied. The only other person I found in the ghostly town was an elderly English doctor by the name of Wilkinson who had retired there 14 years ago. He complained of lacking electricity and water, but when I asked why he remained, he stared at me with piercing eyes and replied: "This, young man, is my home."

Apparently as part of their strategy the Turks are also using refugees and captives as bargaining counters. They are holding numbers of young Greek Cypriots as hostages in Adana, a city in southern Turkey, and they have about 800 Greeks bottled up in Bellapaix, the arty Cyprus village made famous by Durrell. I visited another group of Greeks being held in the Dome Hotel in Kyrenia. Denktash has described this group as "hotel guests," but they consider themselves to be something less pleasant. One of them, a Kyrenian businessman called Theodore Yavropoulos, expressed uncertainty about his status. "What kind of prisoner am I?" he asked me. "Am I a prisoner of war? Am I protected by the Geneva Convention? Who will know if I am taken out and shot?" A plan is now underway to permit him and the 400 other Dome Hotel "guests" to enjoy limited freedom in Kyrenia. But as I understand it they will not be allowed to roam beyond the town.

The Turkish Cypriots in the south are in a predicament similar to the Greeks in the north. They fear for their lives in a Greek environment, and for that reason some 8000 displaced Turks refuse to leave a camp on a British base incongruously called "Happy Valley." Turkey has tried to persuade Britain to send them to the Turkish mainland, but the British, suspecting that these people will promptly be used to fill the population vacuum in the north, have refused. About 10,000 Greek refugees are also encamped in another British base, and they are clinging to the area out of fear that the Turks may move down to occupy the rest of the island. These refugees are not impoverished Vietnamese or Palestinians, but middle-class citizens, many of whom fled in their automobiles, and it is not uncommon to see, as I did the other day, an uprooted family clustered around its Mercedes.

The climate is mild at the moment, and many of the Greek Cypriot refugees harbor the illusion that the present mess will soon be solved and that they will return home. But as the weather grows colder and the mess gets messier their expectations are bound to decline sharply, and it is thought that the camps could become enlistment centers for terrorists and guerrillas desperate to confront the Turks. A resistance movement, should it take shape, would probably bring the Turkish army down through all of Cyprus and turn the island into a battlefield. Hence the refugee issue requires urgent handling. It is being dealt with on a humanitarian basis by the Red Cross, the United Nations, special American experts and others. But it cannot be really settled as long as the political configuration of Cyprus is not worked out—and that question is not going to be cleared up soon. Turkey plainly intends to carve out the northern zone for the Turks, and partition in one way or another is certain to be explosive.

It seems to me that if the case of Cyprus illustrates anything it is that the plight of small states ought to be resolved by international diplomacy. Both the United States and the Soviet Union have a responsibility in this instance, largely to prevent the island from becoming an arena for big power rivalries. The Greek junta that formerly ruled in Athens should have been stopped from toppling Makarios. Now the Turks, who have the upper hand, should be persuaded to adopt a more conciliatory posture. I have no idea what the Russians are doing, but I gather that Secretary of State Kissinger is talking to the Turks yet not leaning on them strongly. Given their current nationalistic fervor, the Turks are unlikely to respond to words alone. In the meantime, this handsome island continues to suffer—as it has periodically for centuries.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Amarcord

(New World)

For Federico Fellini, differing with Eliot, April is a bittersweet month, but it still mixes memory and desire. In April, when the puffballs float through the air, his new film begins—in the town of Rimini, presumably, where he was born; and it ends a presumable year later as they float again. Within the year he has given us an album—"Amarcord" is local dialect for "I remember"—rich with memory and desire for memory and memory of desire. He has remembered it all so feelingly and so well that, like all memoirs made with good art, we possess it at once. It becomes our past too.

His past has always been unusually potent for Fellini. The best film of his early realistic days was *I Vitelloni*, also presumably set in Rimini. The most authentic moment for me in *La Dolce Vita* was the visit of the hero's father, who brought to Rome the touch of such a town. Lately Fellini has been sidling toward a real confrontation with his youth, to some effect in *The Clowns*, to much less effect in *Roma*. Now, as other artists have done in other arts, he has finally faced the matters that have been haunting him all his adult life, nagging to get into his work, and he has given them a whole film. He has long been a supreme stylist of his own style; now this total surrender to his ghosts has provided the best chance to use that style since the masterly *8 1/2*. *Amarcord* is lovely.

This time Fellini has made firmly the esthetic choice he was fiddling with in *The Clowns* and *Roma*: he has discarded narrative and opted for character and texture. Americans may think of *Winesburg, Ohio* or *Spoon River Anthology* or, in moments where the camera is addressed, of *Our Town;* but the basic decision was to ingest a literary process into cinema, as—quite differently—Antonioni has done. It can hardly be a coincidence that his collaborator on the script was Tonino Guerra, the novelist and poet who has often worked with Antonioni but, I think, never before with Fellini.

At the beginning the puffballs float through the town square; at the end, after a wedding party on the town beach a year later, the puffballs float out to sea. The year between is in the 1930s. We see: the teachers in the school (an especially superb series of vignettes), the adolescent schoolboys including of course a lovelorn fat one, the town vamps, the town ladykillers, the priest, the local film-theater manager (called "Ronald Colman" who laughingly concedes his imitation), the balloon-breasted lady tobacconist about whom the boys fantasize, the local fascist leaders and the visit of a bigwig fascist from Rome, an unidentified motorcyclist who vrooms through once in a while, a visit to a local insane asylum, local grandeur, local misery. A lawyer, something like Wilder's Stage Manager, talks to us about the town once in a while. Every person of any consequence is seen more than once: with some of them there is development through the year, changes in their lives; with others, their lives simply become familiar to us. There is no protagonist, but in aggregate the film tells us most about a boy of 15 or 16, (possibly Fellini), his socialist father and his strong mother who love each other by arguing with each other, his neat little libidinous grandfather, his younger brother, his lounge-lizard uncle.

Every person in the film, if there only for a second, is superbly *seen*. It is Fellini's ability to *see* them that tells us all we need to know about them, more interesting and pertinent than dossiers. The town's "hot number," Gradisca (played by Magali Noel), is never grounded in family or job; but she is seen so vividly, so affectionately, so tellingly, that we don't want her data: we have her being, her pathos, her pride, her red beret almost vertical on the left side of her head, her behind in her tight skirt knocking the men dead as she walks up the street. The old blind accordionist who turns up at all festivals and parties, why is he so terribly bad-tempered? I have no idea, except that it's marvelously anti-sentimental to have an old blind accordionist who is a son of a bitch. (Just as it's pleasant that the lawyer gets harassed from off screen when he talks too much to the camera.) Who is the motorcyclist? Who is the curvy maid in the boy's household who keeps singing "Stormy Veather"? I don't know.

But I do know. They went into Fellini's mind, not as social studies but as elements in a tapestry, as vessels of lost time. He sees them now as he saw them then—as bearers to him of marvelous mysteries: but now he knows *how* he was seeing them then and, now with Danilo Donati's costumes, he articulates his recollections with highly theatrical, humorous, mature poetry. One night a lot of the townsfolk pour into boats and go out past the harbor to see the pride of Italy pass by, the new magnificent steamship *Rex*. The ship is seen as the boy saw it then, plus Fellini's knowledge of how the boy was seeing it and how the townsfolk needed to see it.

Giuseppe Rotunno, the camera wizard of Visconti's *The Leopard* and Fellini's *Satyricon*, has worked wonderfully well to implement the director's vision, particularly with those typical traveling shots of groups of people (moving usually to Fellini's omnipresent sea), particularly in glimpses of people living, of *having been* alive once—people seen through café and shop windows or isolated in the middle of great fields or dancing romantically at the town's luxe hotel. Ruggero Mastroianni, Fellini's longtime editor, has composed without heavy emphases and without flash, ending each "chapter" with a fadeout just slow enough to imply the curves of conclusion and continuity. The score by Nino Rota is modeled on the strophes of his *8 1/2* score, not quite as tuneful but with the right caresses and life-is-a-circus quality.

So many, many episodes last in the mind: the grandfather bewildered in a thick fog that is like a prevision of his death, then his young grandson be-

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Chinatown. Roman Polanski sees a Hollywood '30s private eye with a mod eye. More flavor than mystery, but pretty well done.

Harry and Tonto. Adventures of a 72-year-old New Yorker seeing the US. Not often too sentimental (though he does have his cat with him), mostly moving and funny.

The Saphead. Buster Keaton. Made 1920, not seen since 1928. Demand that your local theater book it, along with two accompanying shorts, *Convict 13* and *The Bellboy*.

The Seduction of Mimi. A non-hero sandwich of politics-crime-and-sex, Sicilian style. Well acted, generally intelligent and amusing.

SK

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Hail to a Distinguished Novel

Long Distance
by Penelope Mortimer

(Doubleday; $6.95)

Long Distance is an original, distinguished, often puzzling novel. Unwittingly I was absorbed into it as surely as I remember being into Franz Kafka's *The Trial* and *The Castle*, and for the same reasons. My whole attention was captured by its first paragraph, and I was engrossed by its complex ambiguities, wandering without will through the endless fictional maze, watching every signpost for clues. Ultimately the novel goes nowhere, but instead settles its heroine into her endless future: "I live at a long distance from everything I knew, seeing it clearly." And throughout the long-distance journey to nowhere I was impressed by Mortimer's subtle, inventive mind and her lucid prose; impressed, captivated, *entertained* in the classic sense of being "held," bound, yes enthralled.

If you know *The Pumpkin Eater* (1963) or some of her later fiction like *My Friend Says it's Bulletproof* (1967) you will remember Penelope Mortimer's interest in time and timelessness, in the heights (and depths) of ordinary household maternal and sexual experience. *The Pumpkin Eater* is a foreshortened, tightly woven story of an unnamed youngish woman's life with husbands, many children, and a severe breakdown following the discovery that her husband has impregnated a young actress while she was having an abortion-sterilization. *My Friend . . .* tells of a 38-year-old woman journalist who comes to America following a mastectomy, and risks her sundered self in various relationships with men. Both novels are short and pointed; both achieve extraordinary density for their length because the prose is terse, direct and because of her use of auxiliary devices to give the narrative depth—journals, dreams, psychiatric interviews. They have a rich, split-level texture; in Mortimer's fictional houses there are many rooms, vertically arranged and furnished with the precisely placed, elegant furniture of her style.

To me *Long Distance* is the culmination of her eight books or at least as many of them as I have read. I have rarely read a more intriguing novel. It is a great puzzle, a Chinese box of a story inhabited by an unnamed woman. Where is she? Far from us, from anyone she has ever known (in one sense), unvisited, in a great white mansion. In a mental institution (as *Publishers Weekly* positively affirms)? Perhaps. Many odd, sick persons live here, as sick as the anguished schizophrenic she appears to be. There is a kind of warden, Mrs. April, who calls herself a transit officer: "All arrivals and departures go through my hands." The place has a director who is rarely seen, and another administrator named Hathaway who "interrogates."

In the White House itself? Perhaps. Some of the investigatory work carried on by the administration (called by the inmates "corrupt . . . the lies, the bribery") takes place in the West Wing of the House, and is accomplished by placing bugs in the wall fixtures and lamps of the bedrooms—lavishly, if curiously furnished rooms. Says Hathaway, when he asks the unnamed protagonist to transcribe the tapes: "We are having trouble with our security . . . we insisted on executive privilege." The troubled Administration is forced out at the end, its Director ("I hear he's going to have to resign") leaves, and Hathaway, on the advice of his own wife, commits suicide. Only the novel's stated date of completion, September 1973, throws doubt on this interpretation. Still, the conclusion *is* written in the form of transcribed tapes, and must be an inspired piece of prescience.

The level I incline to is eschatological. The theological word itself parallels the title of the novel, deriving from the Greek *eschatos, ex*, furthest out. The mansion is the house of death, after death, located in heaven or hell, it makes no difference, clearly there is no distinction made here. Here there are no clocks. All watches are confiscated to relieve the pressure of time: "That is the whole point of being here." Her first encounter (after Mrs. April) is with Basil Gondzik whose name at first she mistakes again and again—Gotzink, Zidgonk, Zotkind, Gotkind, or perhaps *God*kind?—but who, it seems to turn out, is a fallen angel, a lucifer, a spy, angrily denying the universal sins of which the tapes show him to be guilty and of which he is accused: setting fire to the *Reichstag*, shooting students, gassing Jews, bombing populations . . . denying democracy, Our Lord. . . .

In this timeless place, or future place, she goes through an initial, numb stage. She "cannot stop traveling," she says, reminiscent of the same journey in Emily Dickinson's carriage ride with Death and Immortality toward the setting sun. The protagonist escapes everything but memory, and so she is compelled to repeat the past. As it was in Sartre's *No Exit*, so here: to remember incessantly must surely be the final horror of life-after-death. In this place memory of the past is replayed in the present like some ineluctable double feature. The real past is "nonexistent," yet it flourishes in the compost heap of the dead present. "They can give us all the time in the world but they can't stop the past increasing day by day, a lengthening shadow."

She questions Gondzik when he suggests she leave: "Where would I go," and he answers vaguely: "I don't know. Back to all that, I suppose." She asks him if he remembers how they met. He tells her: "I don't remember. I experience." She tries to cheat desolation with a dog, who is then killed. She has sexual relations with George, who is promptly removed. Because it is the past she is reliving, everything must end in death or disappearance as it does in life. That is the price of Mortimer's perdurability.

New people arrive, some few disappear, she is assaulted by an old gardener, there are entertainers brought in to perform a guilt-ridden play, as in *Hamlet*, and the scenario begins with lines from Barrie's *Peter Pan*, a re-creation, seemingly, of her life as a wife and mother, as well as women's lives in general, waiting for their "flyaway children." She grows ill, is removed for treatment into "a terrible slum" filled with all the cumulative collections of childhood trash, numerous sleeping children, broken and discarded familial rubble, the sum total of maternal existence. Here, unlike the white mansion, clocks are everywhere, all telling different times. Only the mindless baby pleases her as she makes endless lists of things to do, and yet, "if the baby is still crying at twenty-five minutes to three, I will kill it."

Driven to manic labor in her efforts to reduce "the level of disorder," she real-

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izes (or remembers) that "it's not the hard labor . . . that's so exhausting: it's the loneliness, the guilt, the unendurable exercise of loving." In this place of harrowing return to memory, she is visited by Mrs. April, and later is carried back to the mansion, acknowledging that "I have been dead for years."

This picaresque trip through the landscape of the dead is told to another anonymous character, called *you*. Although at first he seems to be a lover from whom *she* has been taken, she explains to us that this is a limited view of the pronoun; used because "partly I still can't bear to name you specifically, and partly because I am beginning to suspect that you are not an individual at all but a composite of many individuals." *You* is *we*, her witnesses.

Much more happens, or seems to happen, too full, too significant in detail and symbol to spoil by exploring completely. But the addition of it all, in mood and tone and meaning, persuades me that we are in a House of the Dead in which she yearns for direct physical contact but is allowed only sterile, interminable reruns. At the end of the novel, the first stage of her stay being over, her immortality begins. She is resigned to her room ("where I hope to live forever") and to the mindless continuity of eternity: "I have accepted the fact that I'm simple and live through old songs . . . I now believe the purpose of this place is to repeat experience until it is remembered." Life after death, in dreams, in memory, is destined to be relived, at a long distance from itself, in a house with a reflecting pool by a woman who has lived a woman's life, and in eternity still does. What a marvelous book! Am I entirely right in this reading of its locus? Perhaps.

Doris Grumbach

Words

Be careful of words,
even the miraculous ones.
For the miraculous we do our best,
sometimes they swarm like insects
and leave not a sting but a kiss.
They can be as good as fingers.
They can be as trusty as the rock
you stick your bottom on.
But they can be both daisies and bruises.

Yet I am in love with words.
They are doves falling out of the ceiling.
They are six holy oranges sitting in my lap.
They are the trees, the legs of summer,
and the sun, its passionate face.

Yet often they fail me.
I have so much I want to say,
so many stories, images, proverbs, etc.
But the words aren't good enough,
the wrong ones kiss me.
Sometimes I fly like an eagle
but with the wings of a wren.

But I try to take care
and be gentle to them.
Words and eggs must be handled with care.
Once broken they are impossible
things to repair.

ANNE SEXTON

ANNE SETON's latest book The Awful Rowing Toward God *will be published by Houghton Mifflin early next year.*

Report of State

Kissinger
by Marvin Kalb and Bernard Kalb

(Little, Brown; $12.50)

The brothers Kalb conclude their book with Kissinger "still in mid-career; the Nixon administration still in mid-crisis; the story is still not complete." Several months have passed since *Kissinger* went to press in April and Kissinger's future remains uncertain. But the Nixon malaise that gripped the capital and propelled Kissinger into extraordinary prominence has been replaced by a new administration prone to its own crises. The pop-art "Super K" craze that fascinated *Newsweek* and other media earlier this year has faded. Kissinger's unstatesmanlike outburst in Salzburg, in which he threatened to quit over wiretap allegations, and his failure to achieve anything concrete from the Russians in Moscow, or from the Turks and Greeks over Cyprus, has reduced his image to mortal proportions. The latest revelations about the unsavory American involvement in Chile have only served to underscore the hypocrisy of officials, Kissinger included, who preach the doctrine of nonintervention publicly while secretly indulging in its opposite.

Having covered Kissinger myself, I can attest to the insatiable appetite of editors and readers for Kissinger material. Newsmen traveling with Kissinger were obliged not only to file reports on how the diplomacy was going, but also to record Kissinger's jokes, his bad or good temper, his brilliant insights, his fluctuating waistline. The Kalbs have done a superlative job in this part of their book—a sort of "reporter's notebook" about Kissinger's travels, particularly the Middle East shuttles. The question is whether this Kissinger glut is as digestible today as it was earlier.

The authors, of course, should not be blamed for writing exciting reportage that gives an "inside" view of Kissinger's activity, when the times are more propitious for a more analytical study of Nixon's foreign policy and Kissinger's role in it. They acknowledge that they have not written history but journalism, and ironically, with the Kissinger craze died down, much of the

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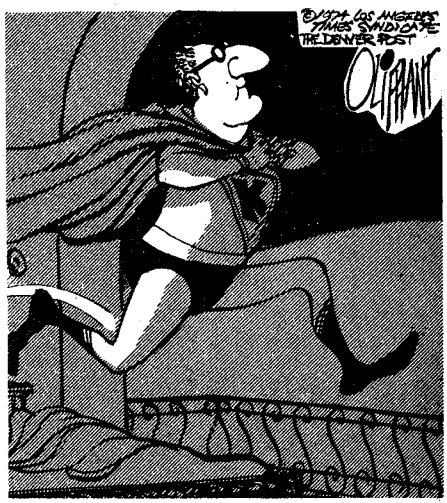
material in this most contemporary of books seems stale.

Do we care about the "raw data" the Kalbs provide us—the exact time that Kissinger picked up the phone in this crisis, or called Dobrynin in that; or that he rented white ties 33 times in the first Nixon term; or that the Brezhnev gift on his wall was a still life by P. Kongolovsky done in 1952, and so on? Having done their research well, the Kalbs have accumulated much material that was hard to part with. But the book could have used a stern editor to chip away color details that slow down the pace of the narrative, someone to transform the super-charged news magazine prose into something more soothing to



the nerves. And lastly the authors do not share with us, particularly on crucial questions, the source for most of their assertions about what happened. The supposition must be made, on critical matters such as the admirable retelling of the largely secret Vietnam negotiations, the tense Middle East crises of 1970 and 1973, the dramatic opening to China, that Kissinger himself is their informant. But we are not sure, and this uncertainty will mar the book's value for future historians who will have to interview many of the same people again (if they're around) or gain access to documents unavailable to the Kalbs. Meanwhile, the Kalbs' book will stand in until Kissinger writes his own memoir.

Many books that appear these days lack documentation. But this is a special problem in a book about Kissinger. For whatever his merits and achievements, he has the reputation in Washington of incomplete candor. He is an unrivaled briefer, and his major press conferences have included more information than most of his predecessors dared to reveal. Nevertheless, he has been caught dissembling. This February while traveling to the Middle East, newsmen kept asking him if he hoped to get from Syria a list of Israeli POWs, and he said he did. Later he admitted that he had the list before he left Washington. His credibility on wiretapping has raised questions that should not have been necessary. On Chile new doubts have developed. Marvin Kalb, in his morning news commentaries over CBS, has been perceptive in pointing out these foibles and therefore must have been aware of the risks in writing a book that asks the reader to accept so much on faith.

The problem lies partly with Kissinger. Usually he consents to interviews on the understanding that the material be used but that he not be revealed as the source. Anyone seeking Kissinger's help in re-creating the past has generally had to abide by those rules, known as "deep background." It is a restraint that reporters in their daily competitive quest for news unfortunately have to respect.

The Kalbs have pulled together most of the material available about Kissinger and have produced a good guide to his days in Nazi Germany, his rise to prominence, the high points of the Nixon administration's foreign policy. The authors chose not to follow Henry Brandon's example and write an analysis of the Nixon administration's policies, but rather to examine the man Kissinger, not an illogical decision at a time when he seemed to be President for foreign affairs. The best parts are the chapters on the opening of China and the various crises. Even though sources remain obscure, the Kalbs have conveyed a good sense of the way Kissinger saw these crises. The "you are there" technique of facsimile quotations is bothersome but not a major fault.

The book's early reviewers have criticized the Kalbs for being too partial to Kissinger; they are highly sympathetic to Kissinger but not uncritical. Books about living officials tend to be friendly to their subjects and there would be no way for the Kalbs to satisfy with their balanced criticism those who harbor strong dislike and distrust for Kissinger.

Bernard Gwertzman

BERNARD GWERTZMAN *is a* New York Times *reporter who covers the State Department.*

Indispensable?

Washington
by James Thomas Flexner

(Little, Brown; $12.50)

A biographer of George Washington must penetrate a forbidding facade before the human being can emerge. No one has done this more effectively than James Thomas Flexner in his prize-winning, four-volume life. Now in this single-volume distillate written for a wider audience, the narrative has been mercilessly condensed. But the essential man remains. We see the boy, deprived of his father and dominated by his termagant mother, turning for comfort to his gentle but glamorous half-brother and navy veteran, Lawrence, and to the aristocratic Fairfaxes whose daughter Lawrence had married. The young man, who yearned intensely for approval, sensed that his magnificent six-foot frame, matchless coordination of movement and physical fearlessness had given him a major advantage in life. Gloomy in temperament, he compensated for his limitations with near-total self-control and a habit of methodical application, exorcising the darkness with regular exercise—riding in good weather and pacing up and down the long, columned veranda of Mount Vernon in winter—and with convivial company for social diversion.

Passionate in his urges and known as "the stallion of the Potomac," Washington fell in love with his best friend's wife but settled for a plump, rich widow who made a nabob of him (while exposing his sterility by the childlessness of her second marriage). He read and listened just enough to become a true child of the 18th century—deist and tolerant in religion, republican in poltics, and (late in life) anti-slavery in principle and practice. His initial need for esteem persisted as his point of greatest vulnerability. A thin skin and a touch of self-righteousness made him extremely sensitive to criticism until, at the end, he succumbed to political partisanship. Altogether Washington was a far more complex and fallible figure than has hitherto been presented, and yet, on the whole, a more admirable one.

After our recent national ordeal it's a bold biographer who would call his subject "The Indispensable Man," the

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subtitle of this volume. Flexner's assessment appears to be based on Washington's role in four national crises. The first was the "Conway Cabal," an alleged plot, late in 1777 on the eve of Valley Forge, to replace Washington as commander-in-chief with Horatio Gates, the victor of the Battle of Saratoga. A copy of an indiscreet letter from Gen. Thomas Conway (an Irish-born French career officer who had volunteered in the patriot cause) fell into Washington's hands. Worn out by defeats at Brandywine and Germantown and resentful of invidious comparisons with the successful Gates, he charged that a conspiracy was in the wings. The critics were discredited. Washington was acknowledged as "indispensable."

Historians, however, have long denied that there was any concerted "cabal." There was indeed a distinct undercurrent of dissatisfaction with Washington's leadership, but it was not so much a campaign for his removal as a conflict between advocates of civilian oriented, short-term militia and a professional army enlisted for the duration, between a nascent democratic political party and a ruling class apprehensive of a status revolution. Washington's overreaction only temporarily arrested political factionalism. It erupted again in the Silas Deane-Arthur Lee dispute over the French connection.

The so-called "Newburgh Conspiracy" constituted the second crisis, occurring at the army's last encampment on the Hudson in 1783. Rebellious officers, angry about arrears in pay, were goaded into a state that would (as one of them said) "make a wise man mad." They planned to get their money by forcing the states, at bayonet point, to grant taxing power to the national government. Groomed and saddled here, says Flexner, were "the horses of fascism." In his supreme moment of greatness, Washington successfully appealed to his assembled officers to respect civilian supremacy and trust him to fight for their rights in Congress. A coup averted? Of three major generals who might have led such a takeover, two—Henry Knox and Nathanael Green—had already announced their opposition to it. The third, Gates, was too sick and deflated, and probably too halfhearted, to attempt it. That left only Washington himself. His great contribution was that he had saved the nation from himself. Indispensability here would require a new definition.

The third crisis was the formation of a new government at the Constitutional

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Convention in 1787. Here Washington's role was indisputably decisive. Sitting on the dais, silently presiding over the debates, he was, more profoundly than even Flexner tells us, the visible embodiment of the convention's most original creation—the presidency. The framers wished to avoid a popular election and also to exclude factions (read political parties) from the choice. How to narrow down the welter of candidates to a workable field? The answer: the Electoral College. Rarely if ever would that body produce a majority for one candidate, but it would function as a nominating organ, sifting out the top five candidates to be voted upon in the House, where for this purpose all states would have an equal voice (another large-small state compromise). But all depended on Washington. He would win the first election under any system, hands down. Then, when the new electoral process would seem to have been vindicated, the system would begin to function as planned for all succeeding elections.

As predicted Washington was elected, but the Electoral College proved to be a loaded surprise. The electors had merely to be pledged in advance. Washington's fourth critical role turned out to supply the cloak of stability under which this legalized partisanship, today recognized as essential in any democracy, could develop. Hamilton and Jefferson feuded within his cabinet, and when popular passions threatened violence over the humiliating provisions of the Jay Treaty with Britain in 1795, only Washington could keep the country together. Ultimately, as he came more and more to judge men by their loyalty to himself, he sided with Hamilton, as does Flexner. Washington would not acknowledge the Jeffersonians' ideological commitment to democracy. Out of office he even became a partisan among Federalists, and when President John Adams, in the hope of taking the army out of politics during the undeclared war with France in 1798, called Washington out of retirement to head the organization, he insisted on Hamilton as second in command over Adams' preference for Knox.

Yes, Washington was the indispensable man. The proof is that he had become a superfluous one.

Max M. Mintz

MAX MINTZ is professor of history at Southern Connecticut State College.

Acts of Horror

Harriet Said
The Secret Glass
by Beryl Bainbridge

(Braziller; $5.95 each)

Most of the narrative voices in *A Weekend with Claud* (1967), Beryl Bainbridge's first published novel, at one time or another contemplate the nature of normality. It is Claud who decides what Maggie thinks although he is not at all sure he agrees: "Maggie would say that no one was normal, that in everyone abnormality was dormant, waiting to be released." Perhaps because Maggie is the one fully realized character in that book or because there are incidental similarities between character and author (Maggie, like Beryl Bainbridge, is or has been an actress), a reader might be forgiven for taking the definition above as that of the author. "I did not want her to be like us," says the narrator of *Harriet Said*, separating her little sister from herself and Harriet. "God willing she would grow up normally and be like everyone else." As this quotation implies and as the Bainbridge novel indicates, the abnormality release-mechanism is as much interior as exterior, as much a way of seeing "everyone else" as an event that awakens the "dormant."

Let me begin with the exterior, since Bainbridge is being introduced to American audiences through two novels which are ostensibly psychological thrillers. *The Secret Glass* (a fanciful renaming of what in England was sensibly called *The Dressmaker)* and *Harriet Said* are her two most recent books, although a note on the dust jacket of the latter indicates that it is, in fact, her first novel, rejected when it was originally submitted presumably because its adolescent characters are, as one publisher put it, "repulsive almost beyond belief." The editorial primness that turned its back on *Harriet Said*, thus delaying its publication, may have done the book a favor, for it has more in common with *The Secret Glass* than it does with the earlier books. *A Weekend with Claud* is more ambitious in a conventional literary way, a *Rashomon* exercise redolent with nuance, and—judging by what Karl Miller says in his interesting piece on Bainbridge in *The New York Review of Books* (May 16,

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1974)—her second published novel, *Another Part of the Wood*, which I have not read, is cousin to *Claud*. The more recent books are stronger for that leanness, and have a clearer focus, although Bainbridge still moves casually from reality to subjective recreation of it, from present to past to an imagined future.

The events of the two books, violent endings aside, might have been non-events in another literary context. In *Harriet Said*, two 13-year-old girls (the novelist gives Harriet two different ages, but she is adolescent all the same) pass through a summer of transition in which their shared sexual-romantic fantasies escape from the diary they keep and begin to act in the adult world. It is the narrator who is the protagonist of *Harriet Said*. She is essentially the creation of the manipulative Harriet, but she is the one who acts—has sex with the older man, kills his wife—while the presumably aggressive Harriet settles for the vicarious thrills of the stage manager. In *The Secret Glass*, the inexperienced Rita falls in love with an American soldier, a young man whom she invests with her own romantic dreams ("she was so anxious for the love story to begin"), but her suffering is really the backdrop against which her aunts perform. She introduces the soldier into the household and his presence releases the sensuality of Aunt Marge and the murderous anger of Aunt Nellie, the dressmaker.

Both books begin with the last chapter, and then go back to pick up the characters and carry them through to the shocker ending. *Harriet Said* cheats a little since the opening suggests something that is not going on, and there is no real preparation for the killing of Mrs. Biggs—unless one takes it as the only possible action by which Harriet can reestablish control over the narrator who is on the point of becoming her own person. In *The Secret Glass*, on the other hand, the ending is obvious from the beginning, not only implicit in the opening chapter but emphasized in the careful attention to Nellie's temper and to her scissors. Not a confirmed thriller reader, I am not a very reliable judge of the genre, but I suspect that neither of these novels is successful in that vein. They do not manage to keep the serious novel and the entertainment both going at once. To me they are psychological novels trapped in another genre, emotional evocations forced toward violent endings that are not implicit in the situations. The "abnormality" of Bainbridge's characters is released not by the final act of horror but by the characters' becoming briefly the center of attention.

The best of Bainbridge lies in the interior of her characters, the most important of which is the same girl who keeps recurring in different disguises. The bookish middle-class little girl of *Harriet Said* is the naive Rita in the working-class setting of *The Secret Glass*, and either or both might have grown up to be the Maggie of *A Weekend with Claud*, a physically and emotionally untidy young woman vibrating constantly on the edge of possibility. The equation of these characters becomes specific when the fathers of both Maggie and the narrator of *Harriet Said* turn out to have the same eccentric toast ("To absent and sea-faring friends"), one that elicits the same response from both girls. Each of the three characters dwells on her own presumed ugliness when she is not casting herself in a romantic scene that calls for another type altogether. Each assumes that the worst is being said or thought of her, except at those moments when hope turns to assurance and everyone is playing a prescribed role in a fulfilled fantasy. The normal "everyone else" is the continual basis of comparison, but the others, insofar as they take shape in the novels, are only images of the girls' would-be selves—Valerie in *The Secret Glass*, the beloved Harriet—or evidence of failed lives—the Biggses in *Harriet Said*, Rita's family in *The Secret Glass*. "She always thinks the best is yet to come," says Uncle Jack of Marge in *Glass*. "It isn't."

This sense of inevitable loss—the "isolation" that Karl Miller sees as Bainbridge's central subject—pervades the books and is far more disquieting than the conventional violent endings. More important—artistically, at least—is Bainbridge's sure sense of the conflict in her characters between self-knowledge and self-deception, between the person and the role, between the situation and its idealization. Neither of these novels is finally satisfying, but if both of them testify to a strong talent at work—and I think they do—it is because their central figures are uncertain creatures, part fact and part fancy, into whose shoes any of us could step. As Archie Rice sings in *The Entertainer*, "Thank God I'm normal, normal, normal."

Gerald Weales

GERALD WEALES *teaches English at the University of Pennsylvania and is the author of* Clifford Odets *(Pegasus).*

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It All Happened

Short Letter, Long Farewell by Peter Handke

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $7.95)

The Austrian writer Peter Handke is, at 32, a dramatist of deservedly high international reputation. He has also written volumes of poems and essays and four novels. His third novel, the first to be published in English, was *The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick* (1972), a subtle and fine use of mental disintegration as an analogue of the questions explored by Wittgenstein: connections between one's inner self and the world's knowledge of it.

Handke's fourth novel is about mental integration. *Short Letter, Long Farewell*, now published in Ralph Manheim's enjoyable English, was written two years ago. It's about an Austrian writer of 30, unnamed, and his actress wife in the United States. So much is factual: Handke's wife is an actress and they were both here two years ago. A great deal more is factual about the cities visited and the landscapes seen. But all these facts are used as a springboard for an imaginative leap, almost as if Handke speculated: "What if she were pursuing me through this immense country, trying to kill me? Why would she do it? What would its effect be on me?" Clearly such a speculation could arise only in the mind of a man who was hungry for certain kinds of pain and for ways to understand them. But that is only another way of describing one kind of "frontier" artist, a man who wants to live on the furthest edge of the known, facing terrors.

This short, superbly wrought, understated yet powerful novel can be described, in one aspect, as a scale model of America made with absolute verism but then bathed in a slantwise light that shows the fantasy hidden in the fact. Handke also uses this process with his first-person narrator. At times we feel that the man is imagining some of the things around him, but then there are scale corroborations that confirm that he is only seeing the "imaginary" in the real.

The book begins in Providence where the narrator gets the "short letter"—from his wife, Judith. (Which is not Mrs. Handke's name.) "I am in New York. Please don't look for me. It would not be nice for you to find me." Nevertheless he soon travels to New York, then to Philadelphia. There he meets Claire, a young woman with whom he had a brief affair on his previous visit a few years back. He drives with Claire and her small child to St. Louis, where they stay with two friends of hers. On his 30th birthday he learns that his wife is pursuing *him* and that it will "not be nice." In St. Louis he gets a Happy Birthday card with the word "last" inserted between the two printed words and the picture of a pistol pasted on the back. He flees to Tucson where Judith follows him and, apparently, gets a street gang to rob him. Then, in an Oregon lumber town where he has gone to visit his brother, he gets a postcard from Judith with a picture of the coast and an X marked at a certain point. He goes there, as if fated to be killed, and at nightfall Judith appears gun in hand. But after a moment she simply starts screaming, then stops. He takes the gun from her hand and throws it into the sea. Together they then go on a pilgrimage that is so overwhelmingly fitting to this novel that it's the reason I have had to summarize the action.

From the beginning of the book, two cultural elements dominate: the Germanic culture of the narrator and American culture—but the latter is encountered in nothing like the Dickens-Trollope-Nabokov visitor's vein. Here the young European brings a good deal of the American culture *with* him from Europe, chiefly through the media of American pop music and films. He "recognizes" the US, not just because he has been here before but because, since childhood, it has been affecting him. So on the one hand he is reading Keller's *Green Heinrich* (a Swiss classic) as he travels, on the other he is "placing" what he sees in America with the help of Otis Redding and John Ford. Ford's "presence" is especially recurrent.

And after the narrator has rejoined his wife on the Oregon coast, they go down to California to see John Ford! (Very possibly Handke actually did this when he was here.) They visit the old man, then 76, in his Bel Air home, and in the course of a gnarled-cordial conversation, Ford tells them that the stories of his pictures "were true. 'Nothing is made up,' he said. 'It all really happened.'" A minute later Ford asks the pair to tell him their story.

And Judith told him how we had come

BACK GROUND ERS

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to America, how she had followed me, how she had robbed me and wanted to kill me, and how at last we were ready to part in peace. . . . "Is all that true?" he asked . . . "None of it's made up?" "No," said Judith, "it all happened."

(This is the closing line.) Handke knows Ford's work, and through this parallel he tells us that his novel is as true as Ford's films: fact filtered through the shapes of a mythopoeic mind to become parareality.

Why has the process been employed? Why, in particular, had the narrator and Judith separated and why was she trying to kill him? He explains it to Claire, midway in the book. "I was afraid I'd murder her," he says at the start of a poetically surgical six-page narrative. Gradually, vividly, he reveals that the trouble between him and Judith came, not from anything concrete or categorical but merely because they were both alive and living together. There was no explicit reason for them to separate except that they were together. Finally they want to destroy each other (Judith has the initiative at present) because the very existence of the other is too close a mirror of dissatisfactions, of mortality.

The book's dual process of reality and "John Ford" parareality, its duality of European and American cultures are structurally aligned to the dual theme at the center: fear—of existence itself—that the narrator brings from Europe, along with a perspective on that fear that he gains in America. The opening paragraph is a perspective of Providence streets. It ends at the hotel where he gets Judith's short letter. The second paragraph, without transition, begins: "As far as I can remember, I seem to have been born for horror and fear," and he plunges into childhood memories of a bombing raid. American!

Yet it is America that gives him a means for understanding his fear. He tells Claire at one point:

Most of all I've come to understand since I've been here why the only memory I ever developed was for frightening things. I never had anything with which to compare the things I saw every day.

The "comparisons" in America give him a means of dealing with the fact (and terror) of being alive, as if—something like Handke's wonderful play *Kaspar*—a grown person, previously devoid of language, was here acquiring a means of identifying and ordering environment and experience.

Judith, too, we can infer by her pursuit of him through America in American-movie-thriller style, goes through the same evolution; sees a larger world that makes her old preoccupations look different and gives her different ones; is able at last and at least to let her husband exist, without the sensation that his existence is suffocating her. She is able simply to part from him. Their marriage-cum-divorce ceremony is (unwittingly) performed by a high priest of the American mystique that touched them long before they saw America and that finally has, by leading to "comparisons," helped them to live.

Handke's novel is thus—to use a weary word validly, I hope—existential: the narrator (and in the background his wife) finds modes of living through an extreme situation that summons up everything in him, from his childhood memories of hiding under blankets to his reliance on the "safety" of American rock and film.

But I mustn't make the book sound didactic. Its being is in the way it is written—a book of secrets to which we are made privy, full of sharp visions and of disquieting proportions, disquieting because true. Handke makes his narrator's minor moments empty their contents just as fully as the major ones.

A girl with a milk bottle came toward me; she was so thin that my astonishment pulled me together.

That girl passing by is of zero consequence to the story; but we recognize in the line how sharply we react every day to people and incidents of zero consequence, how the surface texture of every day is principally composed of such reactions. This inner fidelity of the book sometimes almost makes us laugh with recognition, and also validates what is less familiar.

Short Letter, Long Farewell, like *The Goalie*, can be read too quickly. Like *The Goalie* it is so intensely distilled that it seems easy to negotiate. Handke doesn't raise his voice or perorate; but every word he speaks has consequences.

Stanley Kauffmann

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—DORIS GRUMBACH, *The New Republic**

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Catechism

Doris Grumbach

Question: What are book reviews *for*?
Answer: To sell good books and to prevent the sale of unworthy ones.
Q: Isn't that nonsense?
A: How so?
Q: Well, for one thing, books are sometime sold, aren't they, before they are reviewed?
A: Well, it so happens you are right. In fact these days some books are sold *before* they are written. Farrar, Straus & Giroux paid a reported one million dollars (minimum guarantee) for a novel that will be finished several years from now, a novel by Norman Mailer. This figure is said to be the highest known payment for a single unpublished work of fiction. The projected length of the million-dollar baby is more than 600,000 words, of which about one-sixth has been written.
Q: Does Roger Straus, who is paying

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this amount for a pig-in-a-poke (to coin a phrase) expect to rely on reviews to sell this epic?

A: Don't be foolish. If it can be paid for, years before it is written (even in part), surely it will be sold at least a year before it is reviewed.

Q: So reviews are not expected to affect the sale of the Big Book or the Big Author's book? Are there other examples of this phenomenon?

A: Oh my yes. Just last week *Centennial* by James Michener appeared. But two weeks ago *The New York Times Book Review* (James R. Frakes) said that Michener does not allow himself to be bothered by literary style, that two chapters of the book are "about on the level of Golden Books, with the same high estimate of the reader's intelligence," and that *Centennial* was not so much "written" as "compiled."

In *The New Republic*, September 21, 1974, Stuart James said the book was "interminable." It "falls short," being weak as art. "His [Michener's] style is bereft of any nuance," he lacks "subtlety of imagination . . . there are no memorable characters."

Jean Stafford, into whose merciless hands *The Washington Post* entrusted the golden blockbuster (September 1, 1974) points out Michener's misuse of a lot of words, and says that he has written "an interminable story." She finishes off her review, the book (presumably) and Michener, with "*Ars longa, vita brevis est.* In the case of *Centennial*, the opposite obtains."

Q: Did all this national, universal damning harm the book irreparably?

A: No, I am pleased to report that quite the reverse happened. Before the book was published and before any reviews appeared it was a best-seller, on *The New York Times* list two weeks before its appearance and now, two weeks later, fifth on the list and moving upward rapidly.

Q: Anything else?

A: Two weeks ago, its paperback sale to Fawcett was announced. Price: one million dollars, said by James H. Silberman, editor-in-chief of Random House, to be a record price for a novel.

Q: So paperback sales don't depend on reviews either?

A: Don't be stupid. People buy paperbacks because the hard-cover edition was a best-seller, or because they remember how much they liked the Big Author's last two books—*The Source*, for example, or *Hawaii*. They buy paperbacks because they see huge advertising campaigns for the hardback editions in their newspapers or hear about them on the radio or on TV talk shows. They wait eagerly for the paper edition and then they buy it because they've read in their newspapers about the huge amounts already paid to the Big Author for the book and the paperback rights and the movie rights . . . .

Q: The *movie* rights . . .?

A: Oh yes. Did I forget to tell you that Norman Mailer's 1977 (?) opus has already been sold to Warner Brothers for "a minimum of $250,000 dollars"?

Q: Yes, you did. Well then, why *do* we have book reviews?

A: Of course the reviewer gets something for his work.

Q: What?

A: Well, for one thing, he gets the book he reviews—free. And then about eight or 10 cents a word for what he writes. He might, with some luck, make more than $100 for a review.

Q: Is that all?

A: No. He might be sent a first novel or a work of nonfiction or poetry by an unknown writer whom he recognizes with mounting excitement as possessing first-rate talent. His pulses will race, his eyes will begin to shine as he reads and, in a state of feverish delight, he will write a glowing review that will delight the author, please the editor of the book who felt the same way about it, of course, provide the advertising people at the publishing house with some splendid sentences for the one or two quarter-page ads they will place for the book, and interest a small number of inveterate readers of book reviews who will then go to their libraries and put in a reserve on the book.

Q: But will that review *sell* the book?

A: No.

Again a correction: In my euphoria-at-having-discovered-MacDowell column, I misnamed the book, **Mount Allegro,** by Jerre Mangione (Crown) and mislocated it, placing the mythical Sicilian-American section closer to Syracuse than to Rochester where it properly belongs. It will warm the heart of *that* author that several indignant readers wrote to correct my miscitation, and even more angrily to locate the place properly.

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Lexington Avenue, NYC) has sent me a magnificent volume, the first in what will be the 34 volumes of the **Collected Works of Winston Churchill,** a special centenary edition. This first volume contains *My Early Life* and *My African Journey,* both short works of interest for their eminently readable, nonrhetorical style. They are the most personal of his writings.

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The book at hand is handsome, covered with the most impressive natural calfskin vellum. But do not be blinded by the elegance of the binding. Please take note of the elaborate Churchill-Marlborough coat-of-arms on the cover, the shield of which is encircled with the Garter, and the motto of which is *Fiel Pero Desdichado:* Faithful though Unfortunate. This cannot be said of the subject, or the appearance of the set.

It might, however, be mumbled about the price.

Correspondence

Rocky's Warts

Sirs:

Rocky's the One for uttering clichés to evade realities and so, apparently, is *The New Republic* (Aug. 31, 1974). "At home with intellectuals . . . [and capable of] repairing lines of communication with the universities ostentatiously cut by . . . Agnew"? Tell that one to student protesters and faculty activists on New York campuses in 1968-70 when Rocky, with his characteristic rightist-tilting opportunism, followed Agnew's lead and urged ousting of "agitators." Rocky even showed his mettle as a civil libertarian in 1970 by stating that "we have to find a due-process way of getting rid of the [campus] radicals" in his pet SUNY system. *TNR* too easily overlooks this repressive "political wart" in Rocky's past—as well as his notorious, ego-tripping edifice complex that has turned stretches of central Albany and Manhattan into vertical concrete wastelands.

Even less defensible is *TNR*'s empty-headed repetition of the "considerable experience in foreign affairs" cliché. What *kind* of experience, pray tell? At the 1945 San Francisco conference to organize the UN, Rockefeller resisted giving the Russians equal veto power, and he fought successfully to admit Fascist Argentina to UN membership over Molotov's objections—and those of Cordell Hull and Walter Lippmann. To this day he boasts of the role he played in the adoption of Article 51 of the charter that allowed for "regional groupings" within the UN; originally an effort to preserve the Monroe Doctrine in Latin America, Article 51 also provided a later seal of approval for NATO and SEATO and accelerated the break-up of the world into hostile military blocs.

Furthermore no major figure in American politics has worked harder than Rockefeller to push ever higher the billions of dollars we allocate to the Pentagon. Rocky attacked President Eisenhower for not spending enough on the military, refused to back Nixon in 1960 until the latter agreed to support bigger arms expenditures, criticized John F. Kennedy for suggesting that the tiny offshore Chinese islands Quemoy and Matsu were not worth fighting over, opposed JFK's 1963 nuclear test ban treaty, took the lead in 1959 in proposing home nuclear fallout shelters before Kennedy did, scolded Kennedy and Johnson for not being tough enough in Laos and Vietnam, advocated intervention in the Congo to prevent a "Communist take-over" by Patrice Lumumba, and has doggedly kept open the option of "the use of nuclear weapons to repel aggression" (as he wrote in 1968). As for the celebrated row with the Goldwaterites in the GOP in 1964, it was, as Garry Wills points out, "not primarily ideological but factional." The New York governor was an upstart, moneybags Easterner trying to grab political power away from the old Taft wing of the party. Regarding the greatest foreign policy disaster in American history, Rocky has yet to call the Vietnam war so much as a "mistake." No liberal euphemisms for him—for he can truly be called the original Cold Warrior.

In sum Nelson Rockfeller represents a particularly cynical and dangerous brand of opportunism: the professionalized deployment of enormous sums of money to gain political power and to keep it for whatever courses may later be charted by, for instance, Commissions for Critical Choices for Americans (*some* Americans, that is). Accompanying this blending of aggressive money manipulation, progressive posturing, and backslapping, gladhanding patronage for the lower ethnic orders, is an unswerving dedication to the Cold War and to American economic expansion abroad, as well as to the political and military means for assuring its continuation. And underneath it all lies a cool arrogance that is really nothing other than the old "public be damned" attitude skillfully facelifted, with the aid of multimillion dollar outlays, for contemporary "welfare state" packaging and merchandising.

Richard B. Du Boff
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

All-purpose Analysts

Sirs:

While I will yield to no one in my disgust with Richard Nixon and, usually, my admiration for John Osborne, I must protest the last section of his "Nixon Postscript" article (*TNR,* Sept. 7, 1974). By quoting sources Mr. Osborne suggests that Nixon may have been "mentally ill" during his last days in office; by referring to Karen Horney's book, Mr. Osborne apparently seeks to buttress this suggestion with expert testimony. As a clinical psychologist I find such superficial and ill-informed remarks distasteful. As a citizen I find the increasing ease with which untrained people label politicians with psychiatric diagnoses ominous and potentially dangerous for our political system. Such labeling and psychohistories aside, it is a difficult enough task to ascertain the psychological state of someone being seen in clinical practice—it is virtually impossible to make such an assessment without access to the person involved. I hope that Mr. Osborne will return to his area of expertise and refrain from publishing psychiatric speculations. Mr. Osborne is an accomplished political observer and reporter; as such he is eminently qualified to describe Nixon's behavior, but he is not qualified to diagnose. If he'll stop playing clinical psychiatrist, I'll promise not to play at political journalism.

Sharon S. Brehm
Blacksburg, Va.

In reply:

I reported what several people who had seen a great deal of Mr. Nixon had

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come to think and fear; they and I were not "playing clinical psychologist-psychiatrist."

John Osborne

Clarifying Cost Indexes

Sirs:

The article "Woeful Economy" by Lincoln Caplan in the August 10 & 17, 1974 issue of *The New Republic* contains on page 13 a serious misunderstanding. Mr. Caplan writes that the price indexing or escalation procedure urged by Milton Friedman would be based on "changes in the cost of living—not the consumer price—index." That remark propagates an unfortunate misunderstanding that dogs the history of price indexes. The concept of cost of living is extraordinarily slippery, and so far as I know, we are a long way from making it precise, operational and capable of representation by a real-world index series.

The consumer price index is based on the market basket concept, which despite some ambiguities and arbitrarinesses, gives rise to a reasonably interpretable number.

There is another index called the implicit price deflator, and perhaps it is what Mr. Caplan had in mind. Yet to call it a cost of living index, and in a way suggesting an invidious comparison, is to exhibit a lack of understanding about details that leads even a devoted reader to wonder about broad conclusions.

William H. Kruskal
Department of Statistics
The University of Chicago

On FCC's Fairness Doctrine

Sirs:

Steve Knoll's article ("TV: Fair or Foul?", *TNR*, Aug. 31, 1974) on the FCC ruling that an NBC program on private pension plans violated the fairness doctrine contained a number of statements that were factually inaccurate and misleading.

He says that Accuracy in Media had charged that the fairness doctrine was violated because NBC "pinpoint[ed] the defects of many private pension plans and [did] not allocat[e] sufficient time to those who feel that some other plans as currently administered are all right." Actually in our letter of complaint to the FCC we charged that the program had given the viewers "a grotesquely distorted picture of the private pension system of the United States." We noted that the program had given the impression that failure and fraud are the rule in the management of private pension funds, while the statistical and other evidence proves that the failures and disappointments are the exception, not the rule. The program was highly defamatory of the people who have set up and operated pension programs for businesses and unions throughout the country.

Knoll says the FCC did not dispute the truthfulness of the documentary. Knoll implies that the FCC upheld the accuracy of the documentary, which is false. The FCC follows a rule of not ruling on questions of truth or accuracy unless there is "extrinsic" evidence that material has been ordered to be slanted or distorted. Thus the failure of the FCC to challenge the truthfulness of the NBC program is meaningless. The commission simply refused to take up that aspect of our complaint.

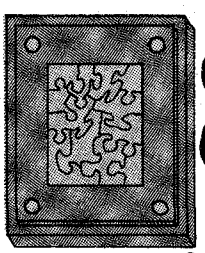
Those who attack the ruling in the "Pensions" case frequently insult the profession of journalism, as does Knoll, by suggesting that good journalism has to be one-sided. They argue that if the networks have to give the public both sides of controversial issues, this will make them unexciting and dull. Knoll suggests that one-sided presentations are "in the tradition of the printed media." The fact is that the printed media, or at least some of it, including *The Washington Post*, recognized that there were two sides to the complicated pensions controversy, and they recognized their duty to give their readers the essential facts on both sides. Why should the people who depend on television for their information be fed only that side of controversial issues that is favored by the broadcaster? . . . I have a strong feeling that if the networks had a different ideological orientation and were regularly airing programs that were one-sidedly arguing for such things as capital punishment, literacy requirements for voters and slashes in expenditures for social programs, *The New Republic* would be clamoring for enforcement of the fairness doctrine.

Reed J. Irvine
Chairman of the Board
Accuracy in Media, Inc.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

wildered in the same fog that becomes a prevision of his life; the crippled fascist official complaining sadly about the people's ill will toward fascism as his men pour castor oil down the socialist's throat; the town's nymphomaniac and her encounter with the friendly, almost pitying bricklayers; the hospital scene where the socialist and his wife both know that she is going to die and neither says anything about it; the night when the racing cars of the Mille Miglia roar through—Fellini triumphs in and through them all.

Critics have been writing for decades about film as psychic explorer, about the commonwealth of cinema and dream. These attributes function in film whether the director is aware of them or not, in private-eye and Western films as well as in Resnais. Fellini has concentrated on those powers in *Amarcord*, has transferred the recesses of recall to the screen with the knowledge that his past is no longer fact, it is his obsessing dream. Few of us grew up in Italian towns in the 1930s under fascism; but many of us will recognize how the people in a small town become characters in an integrated drama being performed *dependably* for one's self



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when young and how, for everyone, the figures of the past, pleasant and unpleasant, become rarefied through the years into talismans. In any case the viewer recognizes the fundamental verity of the film: that memory is the only place toward which life heads certainly.

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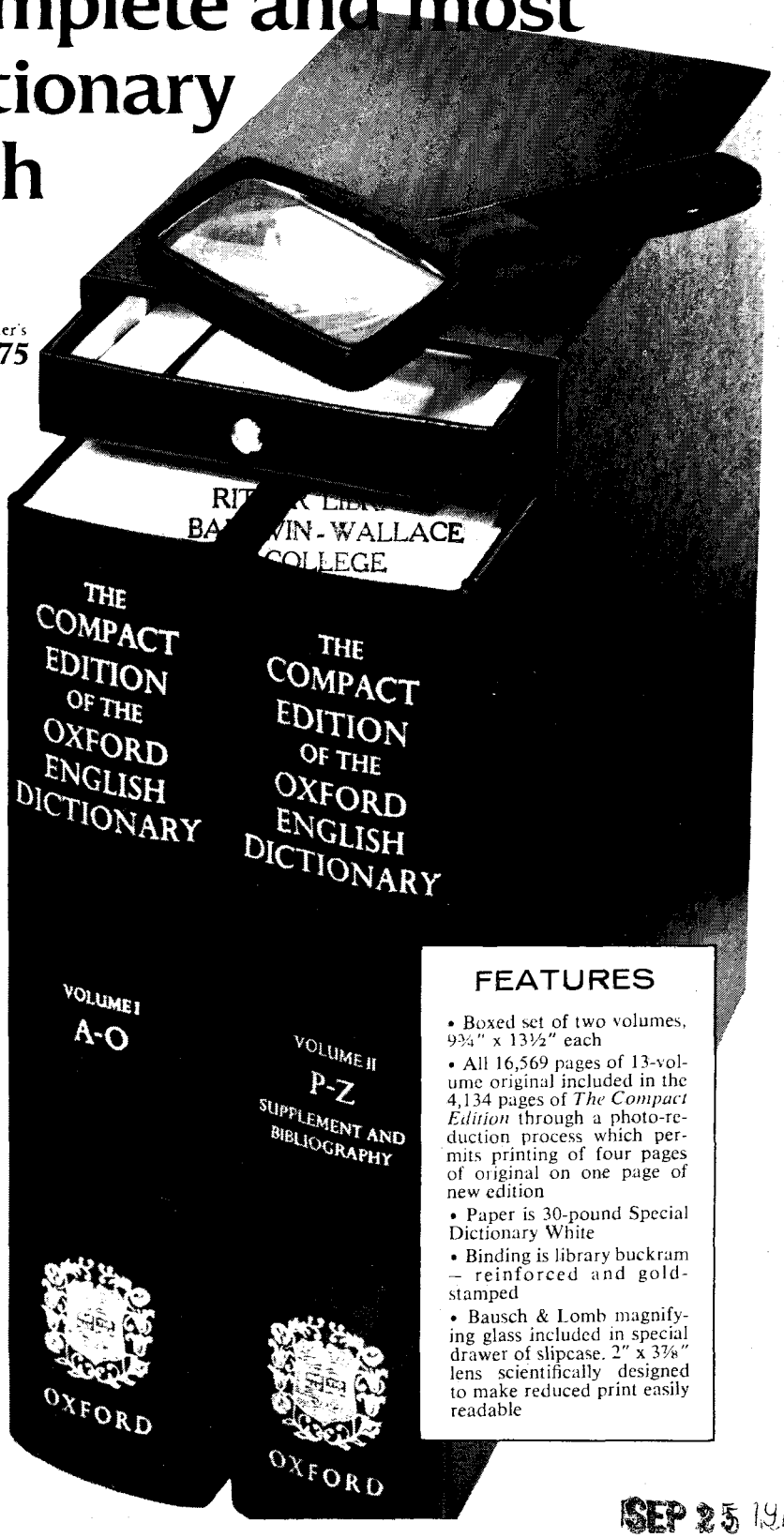

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